A THRILLER! "WHO ROBBED THE CITIZENS BANK," NEXT WEEK.

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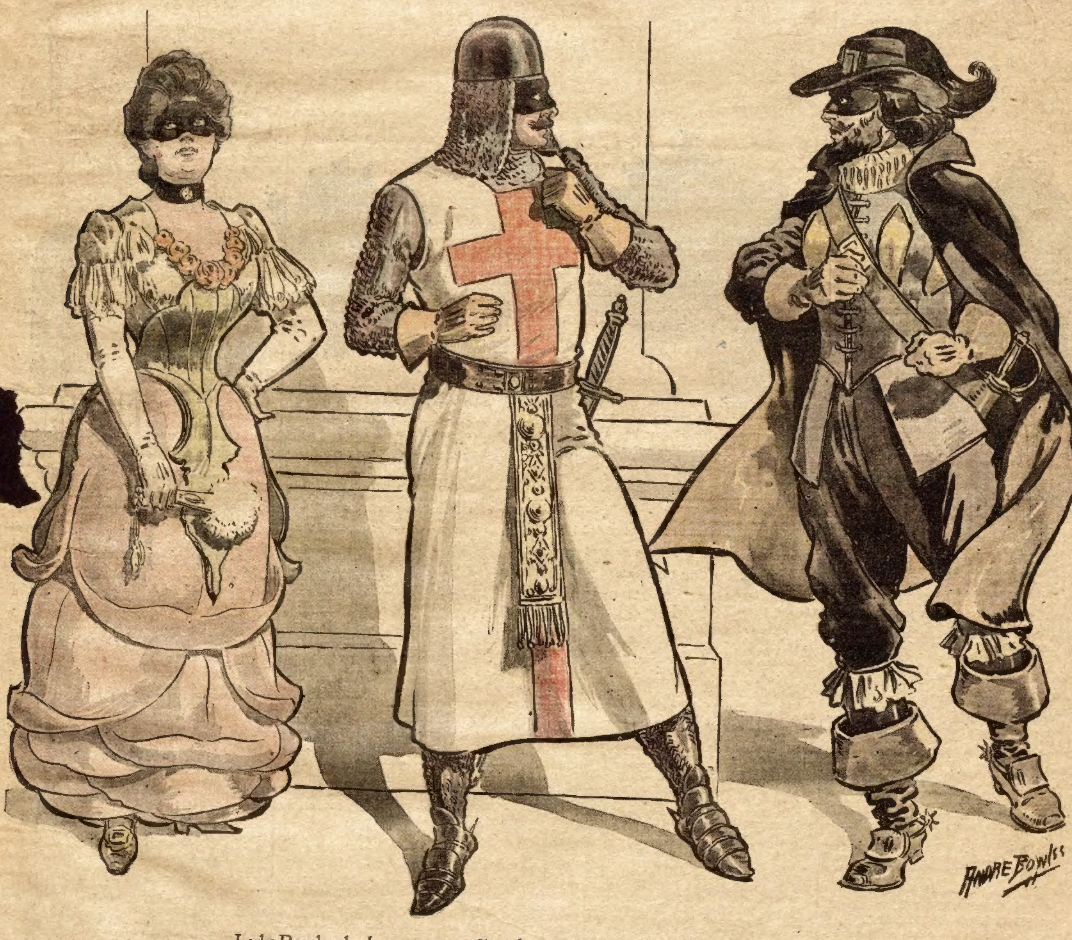
# A WIFE'S REVENGE; Or, The Power of Love.

BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.



Lady Rowlands, I am sorry to disturb your plans, but you must return with me.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### A DESPERATE COQUETTE.

During the year which followed the death of Mr. Castell, Diana abandoned society entirely, Mildred being her sole companion. During the delirium which had followed her father's death Diana had revealed the secret of her heart to those who tended her. When Mildred told her of this she confessed the whole story. To her surprise, Mildred took Lord Rowlands' part, defending him on every occasion, saying that his great love and patient resignation ought to be considered an expiation of his first fault. But Diana would not relent.

A little over a year after the death of Mr. Castell, Diana and her husband were alone in the boudoir. She was seated by the window watching the rain, keeping time with her little feet to the pattering of the drops upon the window pane. Reginald on a divan was gazing at her with love-filled eyes. At last Diana, illy concealing a yawn of fatigue, exclaimed:

"I cannot stand this quiet life any longer. We must have some society. A season in London would be the best thing for my nerves. Then Mildred is nineteen and it is time for her debut. Could you not arrange it so that we might pass the remainder of the season at your London house?"

"You know, Diana, that your wishes are commands to me."

She laughed, then retorted:

"Oh, yes, everybody knows that Lord Rowlands is a perfect martyr to the caprices of his wife. He loves her so passionately that it is not surprising in the least," and she laughed again.

"When will you believe my words, Diana? What can I do to prove that I have committed the folly of loving you? Oh, how I suffer to have you there so near me and yet so far; seeing your beautiful face soften to all—except to me."

"That will do, Lord Rowlands; nothing you can now say will ever make me believe you. When you married me you said that it was because of my far-famed beauty and not from any tender attachment. You ought to have known, my lord, that it is never a good plan to tell a woman that you marry her for anything besides her love. When could your London house be ready?"

"In a week, if you wish it."

"Very well, I will see that all shall be ready by that time." Then, rising, "I am going to announce the happy news to Mildred." She walked toward the door, but Reginald sprang up and caught her by the arm, saying with, suppressed passion:

"Diana, believe me or not, I love you wildly, madly. It is this great love which enables me to endure all from you—all but one thing."

"And that is?"

"Unfaithfulness to me as your husband, bringing disgrace upon my name. I tell you this, Diana, because in the new life you are about to enter there will be many opportunities for you to fail in your wifely duty to a man you hate. Therefore, do not forget my words; whatever you do, remember that as the Countess of Rowlands you must not fail."

"Very well, I will try to remember your warning," and sweeping proudly before him she left the room, murmuring: "Fool! You have given me a new means of torturing you."

A week later the London papers stated that Lord and Lady Rowlands, of Hilton Hall, had returned to their town mansion and would pass there the remainder of the winter season. The day after this announcement invitations from the most exclusive families of London began to arrive, for Diana's beauty was so well known that each hostess wanted this priceless acquisition to heighten the renown of her parlors. All invitations were refused until Mildred had been presented to the Queen. After this had been gracefully accomplished by the young girl, Diana threw herself into the mad pleasures of a London season.

Her beauty soon brought about her a train of admirers, and she, with the most bewitching grace, encouraged them all, until she gained the reputation of being the most accomplished coquette of her day. Even Mildred had fewer admirers; her pure loveliness paled before the perfect beauty of her sister, but Mildred felt no jealousy, only a great pain at the sight of Diana's conduct and Reginald's distress.

For he suffered, this calm, strong man, watching his wife with reproachful eyes as she encouraged the advances of other men.

A new sentiment had taken possession of his heart; he was jealous—madly, intensely jealous of that woman he so loved, yet who hated him so implacably. So desperately did she carry on her flirtations at times that he could not believe there was no love behind. One night, at a ball given at her home, Diana and one of her admirers were seated alone in the conservatory, while Reginald, concealed by some shrubbery, could hear the conversation without being seen.

"Do you know, Lady Diana, that you are the most beautiful woman at the ball?"

"That is not much of a compliment," she laughed. "This ball is but a grain of sand in the immensity of the universe."

"Really, Lady Diana, one does not know how to please you. Had I said that you were the most beautiful woman of the universe you would have accused me of exaggeration, and still it would have been true, for to me there is not a woman so perfect as you are. I——"

"Sir," interrupted Diana, coldly, "that will do; we would better return to the ballroom."

Long did Réginald remain in the same place full of dark thoughts. How he longed to strike the man who had dared insult his wife with almost an avowal of love. At least Diana had not listened to his words; his honor was still safe in her hands. But how long would it continue thus, he wondered, and a voice in his heart replied:

"As long as she does not love."

That evening, after the departure of their guests, Lord Rowlands said to Diana:

"If you are not too tired, Lady Rowlands, I should like a few words with you before you retire."

His tone was equivalent to a command. Diana paused and said:

"Well, what is it? Be quick, I am tired and need rest."

"My words with you will be short, Diana. Tonight I was the unwilling listener to a conversation you had with Sir Albert Dixer, in which he all but told you that he loved you—you, a married woman!"

An angry flash came to her cheeks.

"Well, what of that, my lord? I cannot suppose that anything in my reply could have offended your honor."

"But, Diana, the shame to you of such a thing! Do you know to what sort of a woman a man talks as Sir Albert did to you? It is to those whose manner and conduct have made it possible. Do you think any man would have spoken so to your sister had she been in your place?"

She replied bitterly:

"Lord Rowlands, you, of all men, should be the last to blame my conduct, for it is you who made me thus. Had you not through sheer vanity forced me into a marriage with you when I loved another man, I should still be the happy, innocent child I was on the day I went to ask you to spare my father's honor. But when I became Countess of Rowlands I not only gave you my life, but sacrificed my soul as well. That day all moral principle seemed to die within me. Blame yourself, not me, for the wreck you have made. Had my father lived, perhaps my love for him would have saved me from the whirlpool into which I am sinking. Now that he is dead, nothing has the power to save me. You reap what you have sown, Lord Rowlands, but instead of being the only one to suffer, you drag me along with you in this storm of misery. However, do not fear for the honor of your name. I have not fallen so low as to disgrace you. Now, good-night, or, rather, good-morning; may you have happy dreams," and with a last look of contempt as she left the room she murmured to herself:

"He is to be pitied if he really loves me; but he does not. He canot love, therefore I had better save my compassion for one more worthy of it."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MASQUERADE BALL.

As months passed, the altercations between Lord and Lady Rowlands became more frequent and bitter. It was at the masquerade ball of the Duchess of X—— that events came to a crisis.

This was to be the last ball of the season and preparations were begun weeks in advance. Diana had written a minute description of the toilets she wanted for herself and Mildred, to Felix, stating that she wished him to do his best without regard to cost.

On the night of the ball, two hours after Diana had gone to her room to dress, Reginald, in a suit of a Spanish nobleman, was awaiting her coming in the drawing room. Never had his dark beauty appeared to a better advantage than in this costume of cherry satin with glittering ornaments of gold and a mantle of the same hue as the rest of the suit, lined with pale pink velvet, thrown gracefully over his shoulder. Standing by the mantlepiece, his eyes fixed upon the burning coals, his thoughts wandered back to two months in which Diana had been almost tender in her manner toward him.

"It was only to make me suffer the more cruelly," he mused, sadly. Just then the door opened and Mildred entered. Her costume represented a morning glory whose funnel-shaped flower suited well the slender form of the maiden. The calyx, of delicate green satin, surrounded her throat and descended into two elongated leaves which concealed her arms and hands. The corolla of pale blue satin descended almost straight to the knees, then curved gracefully upward so as to display the tiny feet shod to represent pistils. The ribbings of the flower, as visible from underneath, were imitated to perfection by bands of pink velvet, tapering to a point at the edge. Emerging from this walking flower, Mildred's blonde head added the finishing touch.

"How beautiful!" cried Reginald; "and how suited to pretty little Mildred. Some day you will be the glory of a happy man's home. Though you, dear child, will bloom not only in the morning, but all day long."

Tears suddenly filled his eyes, then hurriedly she exclaimed:

"Reginald, Diana is on the point of doing something desperate, I know it. She is so unnatural tonight, and there is something strange in her expression. Do watch her, Reginald. Oh! why will she not love you, who are so good, so kind?"

A sad smile parted his lips as, petting in a brotherly caress the curly head of the young girl, he replied:

"Thank you for your sympathy, Mildred. It is very sweet. Burke tells us, you know, that next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart."

A strong, rich odor floated into the room, and a moment later Diana entered. An exclamation burst from Reginald; his wife seemed no longer a woman, but a rose—a beautiful, half-opened rose with a million petals which gave out at the least movement a delicate and captivating odor. Her skirt, which came a little below the knees, was composed of layers of pink velvet leaves, light and silky as the texture of the real flower. Her bodice was made of a chenille-like fabric, bronze-green and reddish-brown, giving an impression of the rich casing of the moss-rose. Her arms and shoulders were bare; and round her white throat lay a necklace of rubies and emeralds so arranged as to simulate miniature roses. To complete this ravishing toilet, her raven hair was crowned with a perfectating rose.

Diana whirled around the other two in a fantastic dance, then paused before Reginald with the question:

"Have you anything to say about my toilet, Lord Rowlands?"

He looked at her for a moment, then replied, sadly:

"Nothing, only that you are too beautiful and your beauty maddens me. But come"—changing his tones—"put on your masks and cloaks and we will depart."

Diana hesitated.

"I forgot to tell you, Lord Rowlands, that this afternoon I sent a note to the Duchess stating that, being ill, I could not attend the ball tonight."

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"So that no one should know I was there," she replied, with a laugh. Her voice had a strange excitement in it and her eyes glittered. Mildred was right—Diana needed watching.

Once in the carriage, Diana began to talk as she had never done before. Everything in her words and her manner denoted that she was in some way unstrung, or, rather, strung up to some unusual deed. When they arrived at the Duchess' door, Diana said to her husband:

"Go in alone with Mildred. I will remain in the carriage and come in later."

Reginald objected, but Diana insisted imperiously:

"Lord Rowlands, I have expressed my wish!"

He obeyed. As they were entering, Mildred said:

"Let us remain by the door, Reginald, and see the effect her entry will produce."

But Diana did not come. Though Reginald tried to listen and reply to the remarks it was plain to see that he grew anxious. At last he said, in low tones:

"Excuse me, dear. I can bear it no longer. I must go and look for Diana, something has surely happened to her."

He had scarcely uttered these words when Diana entered, her hand resting on the arm of a Templar.

His costume was the richest in the room. It was of white velvet, the arms and legs encased in a silver coat-of-mail, a sword enriched with precious stones, a cap covering the entire head except the face, which was concealed by a white mask. The form of the man was partially concealed by a long mantle lined with blue satin and hanging to the feet. On the bosom of the tunic a large cross, embroidered with red silk and rubies, completed this costly and magnificent costume. As the wondrous pair appeared, the Templar was talking in low, earnest tones to Diana, but she, seeing her husband, said in accents which tried to be low, but which came distinctly to Reginald and Mildred:

"Hush, that Spanish nobleman is my husband." Then aloud, "So, Sir Knight, you are fond of roses? But roses are of short duration, and this is the last you will see of this one." Light as a butterfly she whirled fleetly away and became lost amid the dancers.

For some time Reginald remained silent, then in altered tones said:

"Come, little girl, take my arm and we will try to find a partner for my pretty morning-glory."

A fierce-looking American Indian bowing before Mildred said:

"Oh, glory of the morning, may I have the honor of dancing with you?"

"Certainly, though you are wild and I am tame, we might try to become acquainted, for you can tell me of my sisters across the ocean." Then, letting go of Reginald's arm, "Au revoir, most noble Spaniard; if you love flowers as you were just saying, go and see that rose over yonder; she is to be watched as well as admired."

"Good-by, fair beauty of the garden. How could I worship another flower after seeing you?" replied Reginald, trying, in spite of pain, to catch the spirit of the night.

After Mildred had left he walked toward the spot where Diana stood surrounded by a crowd. Just as he approached, some one attired as King Charles I. asked:

"Who are you, most bewitching being?"

"Your Majesty, I belong to the exogenous variety of plants, at least that is what the botanists say. They also state that I am polypetalous, because I have so many petals, and, lastly, that I belong to the Rose family, which includes, besides myself—queen of the flowers—all fruits such as the apple, pear and plum."

"Where did you gain your knowledge, oh, flower?"

"Men of science, as well as lovers, come and whisper beside me and I listen to all that is said. You think me useless because I am so fair. Still, how many of my relations have been made martyrs! In India my unfortunate sisters are torn to pieces to be manufactured into rose-water or attar of roses, while in Persia their hearts are taken apart to be made into mattresses for men of rank. Poets love me and throughout their verses is my name ever made synonymous with beauty. But why look you so grave, O nobleman from Spain?" turning to Reginald, who stood looking at her intently.

"I was wondering if the color of your petals did not come from the blush of shame that your thorns should have wounded so many."

"You are mistaken in your judgment, my lord, for the more I wound the happier I feel, since my beauty must be purchased by blood. Still, as you seem ignorant from what sources my color comes, I will enlighten you:

“‘As erst in Eden's blissful bowers
Young Eve surveyed her countless flowers,
An opening rose of purest white
She mark'd with eyes that beamed delight.
Its leaves she kissed and straight it drew
From beauty's lips the vermeil hue.’ ”

"But where did you get the moss I see clinging to your slender stalk?" again questioned the inquisitive Charles I.

"This," replied Diana, "comes to me from another source. Listen and you shall hear:

“ 'The angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rosebush sleeping lay,
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his slight repose,
The angel whispered to the rose:
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair.
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
Then said the rose, with deepened glow
"On me another grace bestow."
The angel paused in silent thought—
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And robed in Nature's simplest weed
Could there a flower the rose exceed?'

"That is the history of my forefathers which has been transmitted to me from my mother."

Just then the Templar came up to the group, and, bowing low before the Rose, said:

"Queen of the flowers, thou must keep thy royal promise and come and dance with me."

"I will, indeed, noble hero of many a bloody fight, since 'None but the brave deserve the fair.' "

In a moment they were off together, dancing lightly to the soft music. Reginald watched them with jealous eyes. Presently by a few skillful turns they had freed themselves from the other dancers and were walking arm in arm toward the conservatory.

When at last they were alone Diana exclaimed, with a sigh of relief:

"Thank God, we are at last alone, dear Amos. I really feared I should not have a chance to see you this evening—that is," with a happy laugh, "until midnight. Is everything ready? Are you sure that the coach will be there at the appointed hour?"

"Certainly, darling, all is ready. The only thing I fear is your husband—he might spoil our plan."

"My husband," laughed Diana, scornfully. "In spite of his intelligent looks, he is too big a fool to see anything. I should enjoy the sight of his face when he hears that Amos Courtours, his best friend, almost the lover of his sister-in-law, has run away with his wife. He will be furious because his 'precious name' has been 'disgraced' and all that sort of thing—but when a man compels a——"

The words died in her throat. A hand like that of a corpse pressed itself upon her bare shoulder and a voice scarcely human said close to her ears:

"Lady Rowlands, I am sorry to disturb your plans, but you must return home with me immediately."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SUMMIT OF CALVARY.

Diana rose with a smothered cry. For a few moments a dead silence fell upon the three—a silence more tragic than speech. Reginald was the first to recover. In a wonderfully calm voice he said to Lord Courtour:

"Men in our rank, Lord Courtour, are, unfortunately, not permitted to kill one another without warning. Let me inform you that tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock I shall call upon you at your home. Fear nothing for your miserable life; if you have the courage to steal a man's wife, you may possibly have enough to meet the husband."

Lord Amos arose.

"What are you going to do with her?"

"With her?" replied Reginald. "I am going to take her home."

He spoke in accents at once despairing and resigned. Lady Rowlands' proud head sank upon her bosom.

"Come, Diana, let us go."

Just then the Morning Glory, still on the arm of the Indian, entered the conservatory. Reginald started; the thought came to him:

"She, too, will suffer, poor child, for she has given her heart to this unprincipled man who made love to her while planning to ensnare her sister."

He turned to her, speaking with forced gaiety:

"Fair Morning Glory, it is near the noon of the night and time for you to close your petals. Come, let us return with your sister, the Rose, to the paradise of the flowers."

Lord Courtour felt that at all cost he must detain the Indian, who was rushing after the three maskers as they disappeared into the ballroom.

"Could you tell me," he asked, hurriedly, "who was the Morning Glory? You have been with her the whole evening and you must surely know her name."

"And by the same token can you tell me who was the Rose?"

"I have vainly tried to find out for myself, but the lady is a riddle. Her voice has the clear inflections of a child's, while her form indicates a full-grown woman. I do not know any one who has a voice like that."

"Do you know what everybody is saying about that flower?"

"No, I have heard nothing about her."

"Well, they say that it could be no other than Rosa, the ballet dancer, the 'friend' of the Duke."

"Why, I hadn't thought of her," said Amos, blessing the chance that saved Diana's name, since her actions that night had been such as to arouse comments. "But now that I come to think of it, it surely can be no other than that madcap of a Rosa. She wanted to see a ball in high life, and that old fool of a Duke could not refuse her anything. Her knowledge of botany ought to have opened my eyes, for Rosa is a profound scholar of that science. I remember once giving her a bunch of roses and she quite astonished me by her technical knowledge concerning them."

"And who are you, who know Rosa so well?"

"I am—but can you not see who I am, most noble savage? Oh, but I forget that your race know nothing of history, so I will explain to you my origin. In 1118 Hugdes de Payens formed an order of chivalry for the purpose of going into the Holy Land to fight the infidels."

"Enough," interrupted the Indian, with a laugh. "But, being a Templar and yet knowing Rosa, would entitle you to the same punishment as was received by that unfortunate Jacques de Molay, the last grand master of the order, from the hands of Pope Clement and King Philippe le Bel." Then, suddenly: "I know the Morning Glory."

"Who is it?" questioned Amos, in trembling voice, for he feared that Mildred's disguise had been penetrated.

"Who else could it be but Gloria, the insolent little rogue? Each took the flower that would almost reveal her name."

Amos laughed outright.

"And who was the Spanish nobleman?"

"You can easily guess. There's but one man in our world who would chaperon such a woman as Gloria. That is Sir Albert Dixer."

The Indian paused, then said, hurriedly: "For heaven's sake, who are you?"

"I have already told you."

"No, your real name! I'll keep the secret—I swear it on my honor."

"Then I am Sir Albert Dixer and you ar Sir George Hartford," replied Amos, unab to resist the temptation of playing a jok upon a man who had often annoyed him i a similar manner, but, seeing his frien rush away, he called him back, saying: " is only a joke, Hartford. I am Amos."

"Thank God! Do you know that whil was talking to you I suddenly wonder by bad luck I was not addressing Sir Alb himself. You can easily understand my feelings."

While this was passing at the ball, the Rowlands were speeding toward their home. A silence, more painful than the most stormy words, was broken only by Diana's occasional heavy sobs. When they at last arrived, Diana, impatient to be alone, jumped from the carriage without her sortie-de-bel, which had fallen from her shoulders. Reginald threw it about her.

"Lady Rowlands, put on your mantle; the night air is chilly and you are heated from dancing."

Then he gave a five-pound note to the astonished coachman and rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry, Mildred," he said, "to have been compelled, owing to a sudden illness, to bring you away from the ball so soon. I hope you will pardon me for depriving you of so much pleasure."

"Why, are you ill, Reginald?" she asked, alarmed. "What is it?"

"It is my heart, Mildred, but the trouble will soon pass, let us hope. Now please leave us, dear; I wish to see your sister alone."

Diana fell exhausted and broken upon a chair. Lord Rowlands began pacing up and down the room, his handsome face white and working. At last he paused with folded arms before his wife.

"Take off your mask, Diana, and let me see your face."

She obeyed tremblingly. For some time he remained looking at her. A deep blush spread over her cheeks. This humiliation was more than she could bear.

"Reginald," she cried, "say something, no matter what—scorn me, call me any name you please—I merit them all, but for heaven's sake do not look at me like that."

She rose, her breath coming quick and fast, her eyes staring insanely.

"Poor child," he said. "In trying to wound me you also strike your own heart."

His words hurt Diana more cruelly than the most burning reproaches would have done. Frenzied with shame she cried:

"What! have you the magnanimity to pity the woman who was about to disgrace you? Any other man in your place would scorn, if not kill, a wife like me——"

"I can't blame you, Diana, for, as yo were telling me a few months ago, when forced you to sacrifice your life I also compelled you to give me your soul. Only now, since through a supreme folly, or, rather, let me hope through love, you were about to give yourself to a man who would soon have abandoned you, I saw fully my own part in the matter—my own blame for all that has happened.

"I had foolishly hoped that perhaps the power of my love might touch a tender fiber in your heart; now I see that it is useless. I might have let you go tonight, and at first that was my plan. For the love which has conquered my heart has also subdued my pride. Then I thought of the misery which would follow your guilty love, and, more like a father, perhaps, than a husband I tried to save you from yourself."

"Say no more," she cried; "it is killing me," and Diana wrung her hands.

"Very well," he replied. "You may retire to your room; I only detained you that I might state the motives of my interruption of your plan." With a wave of the hand he showed her to the door.

Diana rose and, with staggering footsteps and holding to the furniture to save herself from falling, left the room. Lord Rowlands watched her go, and when she had disappeared he fell heavily upon a chair, let his head fall between his hands and wept like a woman.

## CHAPTER X.

## A GENEROUS SACRIFICE.

When Lord Rowlands appeared next morning, one could scarcely have recognized in this hollow-cheeked man the gay Spanish nobleman of the night before. As he was about to enter the dining-room, Diana's maid stopped him, saying:

"My lord, Lady Rowlands had a bad headache and has gone out with Miss Mildred for a drive."

"When did they say they would return?"

"Not before luncheon."

"Very well; thank you." When he found himself alone, he murmured: "She could not bear the thought of seeing me. So much the better; the sight of her shame would have distressed me."

He hardly touched his breakfast, but remained with eyes thoughtfully fixed upon his wife's empty chair. "Ah!" he thought, "I am paying dearly for my folly. What though I have the most beautiful wife in England? I have also, the most wretched home in the world. Yet, I love her. Oh, Diana, Diana, you have cruelly avenged yourself!"

With an effort Lord Rowlands composed his face, and, ringing the bell, said to the servant:

"John, please have the bay put to the sulky."

Reginald then went back to his dressing-room.

"My lord does not look well today," said the valet who prepared him for going out.

"No; I passed a restless night, but it is nothing serious. When the ladies return you will please tell them that they need not wait for me at luncheon, since I am going to call on Lord Courtour."

Just then a servant announced that the horse was waiting. Lord Rowlands descended and was soon carried away at the full speed of his thoroughbred.

Ten o'clock had just struck when Lord Rowlands' card was brought to Amos.

"Show him into my study," said the young man. Lord Courtour's face was livid, but manner was calm and dignified.

"Be seated, Lord Rowlands," he said, after the first cold salutations.

"With your permission I will remain standing," replied Reginald. "I need not name the object of my visit, Lord Courtour, but before I proceed further I desire that you will answer one question: Do you love my wife well enough to make her happy?"

Startled by this unexpected question, Amos tried to stammer out a reply, but Lord Rowlands cut him short.

"Come, be frank and reply honestly. Do you really love Diana?"

"The question is startling, Lord Rowlands, and I am not prepared to answer it. Still, if I must tell the truth, I do love your wife."

"Very well, then; in a year from now you can marry her, for in twenty-four hours I shall be dead."'

Amos, who had taken a chair, sprang to his feet, looking uneasily at his visitor, fearing that grief had wrecked his reason.

"Dead!" he cried. "Dead! What do you mean?"

Lord Rowlands understood the thought that had traversed Amos' brain, for he answered with a sigh:

"No, Lord Courtour, I am not a madman, as my words might indicate, but one who, having no longer anything to live for, might as well die as to stand in the way of the happiness of a dearly-loved woman. If my conduct should seem inexplicable to you, I will tell you my reason for sacrificing my life to Diana's happiness. I forced her to marry me. Now perhaps you will understand why I can pardon what another man could not."

Then, without trying to excuse his conduct, he related the manner in which he had forced her to marry him while she was engaged to Roger. Amos was speechless with surprise at this avowal from a man who had never been known to acknowledge himself in fault. He could not know that the power of love had conquered pride.

"Having made her suffer so much in the past," Reginald continued, "I must now try to save her further pain. She loves you as she will never love me, so it is my duty to give her back her liberty. I have passed the night in trying to think out the best means of doing this, and the only way that offered itself was my own death."

"But a duel with me would have washed away the shame and perhaps you might kill me, thus ridding yourself of a dangerous rival."

"And I should also have broken her heart by killing the one she was learning to love. No, I feel that I must repair the wrong I did her. Of course, in a duel I might have let you kill me, but then the laws of society forbid my widow to marry her husband's murderer. Above all things, she must be made happy. If, after a year's mourning, you choose to claim her, you can do so without shame, her name shall be stainless. Still, I do not wish my death to be useless, so before I leave you I wish you to swear on your honor that after I die, if she is still willing, you will marry her."

Amos' face was colorless, while in spite of efforts to conquer his emotion, tears were filling his eyes. He felt mean beside the nobility of this man.

"But how will you do this thing so that no one shall know it was suicide?"

"I have thought the whole plan out. A little more than a year ago Mr. Castell, Diana's father, came to his death by being thrown into the Black Hole ravine; why could not his son-in-law die in a like manner? When a man wants to get rid of himself it is not hard to find a way of so doing. But fear nothing; my promise shall be fulfilled. Now, are you ready to take the oath I have asked of you?"

Amos hesitated for an instant, then gravely spoke these words:

"I swear to marry her if you die, out only on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That you will not carry out your plan until you have seen your wife. Give me your word of honor that you will not."

"You have it; but after that time I shall be at liberty."

"Certainly, if you still wish to die."

Reginald smiled bitterly at this last restriction.

"Good-by, Lord Amos. You would have done me a great wrong, but I hope God will forgive you as fully as I do, for the sake of our one-time friendship," and, conquered by emotion, he staggered from the room.

For one moment an impulse seized Amos to follow this generous man, and, kneeling, beg his pardon, but conquering this longing he opened a side door and there, sobbing on a chair was a woman's form—Lady Rowlands.

The concluding chapters of this highly interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. All subscribers to the Ledger are offered free cameras and free patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## LEARNING THINGS

### We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says: "After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of. I could get no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve medicines I tried because I didn't know that the coffee was daily putting me back more than the Drs. could put me ahead.

"Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a rebuilder. That's the reason.

## OUR NEIGHBOR.

BY LIZZIE HUNT.

Today he passed, stoop-shouldered, a kindly, weather-beaten face, sad eyes, that looked at you as if the world had dealt harshly or unjustly with him. The drawn corners of his sensitive mouth gave to his face an expression of disgust, whether with himself or the world we will leave our readers to judge.

His clothes bespoke neither extreme poverty, nor a superabundance of this world's goods.

He was only master builder, boss carpenter, or anything else that the community in which he lived might call the person who superintended the erection of buildings, either public or private. Was he young? Oh, no! Fifty-five, or sixty, perhaps, but appearing even older. Had he a home? Yes; the little cottage just across the way is his, or one he rents. Fifteen years ago he owned the beautiful residence on the corner of College avenue and Third street; he was then the proud and happy father of five rollicking, fun-loving boys. In one week four of them were carried to their graves, victims of one of the most fatal diseases for children—scarlet fever.

Carl, the most delicate of the five, rallied, and is now twenty-two or three. Since that time there have been two little daughters given him. They are the pride of this over-indulgent father.

His wife is one of the very best of women. Always ready in case of illness, and seems to know just what to do for the relief of the sufferer.

Oh, how many fever-tossed, weary and languid ones still live to bless her for her deeds of charity and nobleness of heart! She is one of those women Solomon spoke of—a "crown of glory to her husband." How she toils, doing all the household work, the sewing, and having the entire care of her children.

Often weary, but never complaining, her good, wholesome, motherly face brings sunshine with it always. With all this economy, if it be called economy to so overtax the mother, why do they live so humbly? Who has their former home? Was it sold for debt; or was the poor man unfortunate in business? Neither. He drank it up. Just a glass now and then, he was so exposed to the cold, something to keep him warm. The wife saw, but never a bitter word. They moved from one tenement to another. The furniture grew less. Clothing became old and worn. At last the husband rambled home with reeling, unsteady steps.

The last baby that came had no dainty baby garments, only a little night slip, and coarse flannel to wrap it in. The son came in and stood by his mother's bedside—a thin, pale-faced youth of fourteen.

"Mother," said he ,with a happy light in his boyish eyes, "I have a place in a store. I can't earn much at first, but, oh, I am so glad! Now you shall soon be well and strong again. See, Mr. Morse has advanced me half a month's wages, and I bought a chicken for you, some good wine and crackers."

"And what is in that bundle, my son?" asked the feeble mother.

He blushed and threw the package on the bed.

"It is a little soft flannel for baby."

"Oh, my noble son!" and the tears rained down her pale cheeks.

Here was one patch of sunshine in this otherwise dark and cloudy time.

That evening, as the children sat eating some cold baked beans, all the food there was in the house, the father came in. They looked up, startled at first, because, so rare now, he was sober. He asked:

"Where is supper?"

"Father, this is all there is," was the answer; "only what Carl brought mother."

The man sat down in a chair, bowed his head in his hands and wept like a child. It is painful to see a big man so weep. The children were frightened. The wife called softly:

"William, come here."

He arose, and, with feeble steps, entered the little bedroom.

"Oh, Sarah, has it come to this? Why haven't you reproached me, turned me out—anything to have aroused within me a sense of shame?"

"Dear William, I knew that your manhood would reassert itself. I have never for an hour ceased to pray for your reform."

"Well," said the now humbled husband and father, "from this night I will leave the cup. My children shall never again blush for their father. We will have a home once more, my poor, long-suffering, patient wife."

In the morning he started for his long-neglected shop. There was a bridge to be built across the river. He bid with the rest and secured the job. He rallied his men, and once more William Hatch was an energetic builder.

As the beautiful structure progressed, men who had looked at him with pitying scorn a few weeks before, but never offered a hand to turn him from the awful chasm, said:

"Ah, Hatch is a man aain. Wonder what has come over him?"

Five years have rolled around. He has entirely relied upon his own strength, and, with a few exceptions, that strength has been sufficient. No children were dressed better. They were sent to the best schools in the city. Their table was bountifully supplied. Everything he touched seemed to prosper again. He had erected a commodious shop, bought timber lands and was about to build another home, when early in the fall of 1889 the timber caught fire from a passing locomotive and was entirely destroyed. Thousands of dollars gone to ashes!

Was this man discouraged? His shoulders took on an added curve. His brow became more wrinkled and careworn. But he worked steadily on for a home, only an earthly dwelling place. If he had toiled half as hard for that other home, what a lovely mansion in our Father's kingdom could have been his! Again the fire-bells clang, engines go rushing by, men shriek "Fire! fire!" Little boys, who should be in bed, pipe "Fire! fire!" but the man who should be the most interested in this conflagration slumbers on. Some one is pounding at his door. He is aroused.

"Who is there?"

He opens the door, and standing in the flickering gaslight is a fireman, with the icicles hanging from cape, cap and hair.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, sir?"

"Arouse yourself, man; your shop, tools and all are burned. We worked hard to save them, but could only get a stream to play half an hour ago. It's so cold, everything seems frozen up. Are you insured?"

"Oh, Heaven! my insurance policy expired yesterday!"

He dressed and hurried down.

Alas! it was too true! Everything had been swept away. At sixty, a comparatively old man, he must commence again.

The tears rained down his cheeks. He felt as if he could curse the Maker for this bitter, bitter blow.

In the gray dawn he crept back to his home.

They were all up and dressed, and the breakfast was waiting for him. Mother greeted him with a sympathetic, cheerful face. The little girls ran and threw their arms around the world-weary, storm-tossed father. The eldest said he would give up his dancing-school. And the little six-year-old Eva said she would make tidies and sell them, and pretty soon papa should have another and a better shop.

He clasped them to his heart and said:

"Heaven bless you! If it were not for these I could wish I were dead."

They sat down to a silent breakfast. No one could eat.

At length Mrs. Hatch asked:

"How much do you think you have lost?"

"About five thousand. It would not have seemed much in the years past. I am getting old now. I am completely discouraged. Then, all of my men lost their tools, and, if anything, there are many of them worse off than I am."

* * * * * * *

Time, that wonderful healing salve for all wounds, glided by. Our neighbor came and went as usual. Some thought he was secretly indulging again. His step was not as firm, nor his eye as clear. The wife's face wore a shade of sadness. Still he kept at his work. Beautiful structures went towering up toward heaven, and he was their builder; still there was less of comfort in the little home. At last the over-tired wife remonstrated with him. He would not admit the fact. He said:

"Did you ever know me to break my word?"

"Ah, William, you rely too much upon your own strength. Think of the children growing to manhood and womanhood. Ah! think of the hereafter!"

In a gruff voice, he assumed at times, he replied:

"Let the hereafter take care of itself; the perplexities of one world at a time are all a man can be expected to meet. I hope in the next I, for one, may have a little easier time."

The good wife sighed deeply and said no more.

At last the winter of 1901 was upon them. There had been little change in the family or the father. True, the world said: "Hatch is drinking again, what a pity!" Is there a minister or layman in the city of his adoption who can say, "I endeavored to save him?" Not one. Still he lived under the sound of a minister's voice, and could, from his own door, hear him, from Sababth to Sabbath, expound the Word of God to his hearers, and without adding dessert or side dishes, in the form of pastoral visitation, or kindly interest through the week, gave them until the next Sabbath to digest his thoughts, or lay them on their souls until they created moral dyspepsia.

One week ago today we saw our neighbor as he passed our window, with plane and rule under his arm, as he went home to dinner. The wind blew and howled; snow fell as though emptied by the basketful, instead of the sleepy, lazy way it usually comes down.

The children were all at home. There was no pleasant converse at the table, for these days the father was surly and ill-natured. Those little serpents he drank into his stomach had ascended to the brain, and their writhing made him irritable. Today, as he arose from the table, some strange tenderness stole into his heart, for as he passed the chair of his youngest child he stooped and kissed her. This unusual tenderness on his part emboldened her to say:

"Father, I want a geography."

The strong coffee was having a counteracting effect; he was sobering. The son said, as he muffled himself to go out in the raging elements:

"Where are you working today?"

"I have to go away up in the upper part of town, to look after some men I have on a job up there."

Mrs. Hatch, so pleased to see him once more himself, brought his big fur mittens, then the scarf the girls had made for him for his New Year's gift. She wrapped this with tender hands around his neck, and said:

"Please remember tea and sugar when you come home tonight."

"Yes, tea, sugar and a geography."

At 1 o'clock he went from home, leaving the inmates with a glad new hope in their hearts.

At 3 o'clock we looked from our window and saw a crowd of men bearing a heavy burden slowly and solemnly along. They stopped at our neighbor's door. Clang went the door-bell. We could plainly see our neighbor's wife at a side window busily engaged running her sewing machine. Again the door-bell pulled vigorously. This time she hears, steps to the glass, smooths her hair, takes off her house-apron, and hastens to the door. She steps back when she sees the crowd—steps farther back, and grasps the door-knob, when they push forward with their burden. At length she gasps:

"Gentlemen, you have made a mistake. This is the wrong house."

"Doesn't William Hatch live here?"

"Yes. Who is it? What is it?"

They slowly raised the cover that concealed the form, and there was her husband—dead!

Did she faint? No; she grew strangely white from lip to brow; not a tear or sob. Passing her hand across her eye, she asked:

"Where am I? Who killed him?"

Has the romance of life faded out at fifty? No; here was the man she had loved and wedded when a young maiden, loved through all these bitter years of trial, dead!—he who had left her only a few hours before in seeming good health. She remembered even then the little commonplace errands he was to do for the household. Could he never attend to those things again?

They laid him down. The children came in from school, and were wild in their fright and grief. Then amid this great sorrow the mother's love asserted itself. She tried to comfort the children.

How did it happen? Some little children, sliding their way down from school, discovered, near the abutment of the old canal bridge, the dead body of a man almost covered with snow. People seem to spring from the very ground at such times, and in a few moments a wondering, gaping crowd was looking on. At last some one identified him. His watch and money were in his pocket. He had walked off the old bridge, going head foremost down upon the ice. From appearances, he had struggled away from the place where he first fell, and then, exhausted, had lain down and died. Did the fall kill him? He died from an occasional glass, and relying upon self to overcome the temptation, and, at last, without leaving a home for his loved ones, and no prospects of a home for himself in the hereafter, he has gone hence—one more victim of drink and self-reliance.

How we shall miss our neighbor! At the accustomed hours we shall often fancy we hear that slow, shuffling step, see the seamed and weather-beaten face. But, alas! he has stepped out, gone away suddenly.

Verily, we know not what an hour or a day may bring forth.

## Took Him at His Word.

A witty drummer entered the office of a wholesale merchant at the same time as a beggar woman. The merchant was a little man.

"Please be good enough to give me a couple of cents," said the beggar to the merchant.

"Thinking to play a joke on the drummer, he replied, pointing to him:

"There's the boss."

"Here, boy," said the drummer to the merchant, "go and tell the cashier to give this poor woman a dollar."

## Good Shot.

"What should I pop?" the hunter said
As he strolled along with her.
And she responded, blushing red,
"Perhaps the question, sir!"

# Wings of the Wind; Or, The Downfall of the Raveners.

### By James McKinney Merrill.

(Copyright, 1903, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

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## CHAPTER X.

"Give 'em thunder, boys!"

A voice rang out over the throng of struggling, sweating, swearing strikers. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the onslaught of the pine woods dragoons.

The hot and yelling crowd scattered like leaves before an autumn gale. The man on horseback halted beside two strikers, the ones last to spring upon the bleeding Coloradoan. Swinging a slender hickory cane over his head he brought it down fairly across the neck of one of Colonel Tom's assailants. There was a thud and a fall. The second man turned half around, glaring hot-eyed and dazed at the Centaur apparition, then uttered a terrified yell and turned to flee. He was too late. Again the hickory cane was brought into action and the second rascal bit the dust beside his evil companion.

The field seemed to be clear now. With whoops and yells the men on muleback galloped up and down the street brandishing pistols, firing at every jump. For the time the newcomers were masters of the situation. Evans Starling sprang quickly to the ground and knelt beside Colonel Tom.

"You wasn't a minute too soon, my hearty," gurgled the Colonel, with a faint smile. "The scoundrels came within an ace of knocking me out for good and all. I'm not very strong, you know." And then the speaker hung a dead weight on the arm of his young friend.

Half an hour later Colonel Tom, pale and weak from his fearful experience with the Killbuck mob, yet assuring Starling of his freedom from broken bones, sat with the youth and one other, a man whom Evans introduced as 'Lige Branscombe, in a snug room on the upper floor of the "Palace Hotel."

Branscombe was a muscular man of forty, with an intelligent cast of countenance, clad in the garb of an ordinary woodsman. Colonel Tom explained the nature of the woes being inflicted on Killbuck.

"I don't understand that there is any call for the strike," said young Starling.

"None in the least," avowed Colonel Tom. "Of course it's really none of my funeral, but——"

"Wal, now," drawled 'Lige Branscombe, "I thought by what I saw 'at it come mighty nigh bein' your funeral and nobody's else, Kunnel."

The twinkle in the speaker's eye brought a laugh to the lips of the Coloradoan.

"I guess you're about right," he said, "but I had no business on the street at the time, I suppose. If I'd remained housed and out of sight there'd have been no difficulty."

"No; of course not; but it isn't like an honest man to sneak under cover when there's trouble abroad. You saw the boys as they came in, Uncle Dunsmore?" It was Evans Starling speaking now.

"Well, hardly," returned Colonel Tom. "I heard them yell, though. Who are they? Any one——"

"A half dozen Clam River mule-drivers. I have partly bargained for their services, and invited them to come up to Killbuck and share your hospitality for a few days. I knew it would be all right."

"To be sure," assented Colonel Tom. "But when did you return from Wisconsin? Where is the job you have started, to employ so many mule men?"

"In the Badger State," informed the young man. "I've got hold of the finest section of pine land in the State, and I'm going to build a mill and go into lumbering on a big scale."

"So!"

"I assure you it's a fact."

Colonel Tom's pale face clouded. It was evident that he was not quite pleased with the investment made by his protege. However, he smiled the next moment, and opened a bottle of wine in honor of his guests. He tossed a double eagle to the hand of Branscombe and told him to go out and treat his comrades. After the man was gone, Colonel Tom turned to his young friend and said:

"Now, then, Evans, one serious word."

"Go ahead, Uncle."

Evans leaned comfortably back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"Is it really true that you have invested in Wisconsin pine?"

"True as truth, Uncle Tom."

"And you think of going there to live?"

"Well, not just now; but in the near future."

"You will hang out in Killbuck for a time, I suppose?"

"Yes; till I gain old Ravener's consent for his daughter's hand."

"Boy!" and the Colonel frowned angrily, "haven't you given up all notion of marrying that girl?"

"I guess not."

"But you know——"

"That I was to make love to her, win her heart, and then break it. Yes; that was the program, Tom, entered into to please you who have an ancient grudge to settle with the girl's father."

"And you agreed——"

"Hold on. Not too fast, old man. I never agreed to anything. I simply assented to your plans by remaining noncommittal. You seemed to take it for granted that I entered into your little scheme and so brought me here where I could meet Hope Ravener. Good heavens! a man who would treat her as you would have me do hasn't a soul; no, nor the heart of a human being in his bosom. I'd sooner cut off my right hand than injure a hair of that girl's head, your commands to the contrary notwithstanding."

Evans Starling sprang to his feet and began pacing the floor in an excited manner. Colonel Tom's face was white, but he was outwardly calm.

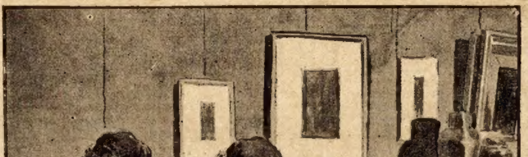
"A man in love is a fool, certainly a fool," muttered the Colonel, in an undertone. Then aloud:

"I made a grievous mistake in bringing you here, Evans. The sooner you go to Wisconsin the better for all concerned. As for your gaining Ravener's consent to wed his daughter, that will never be. He——"

"Well, with or without his consent, I shall make her my wife!" exclaimed Evans, turning to the door and going from the room, leaving Colonel Tom alone a prey to a dozen and one conflicting emotions.

## CHAPTER XI.

Undeterred by the defeat they had met at the hands of Evans Starling's mule-drivers, the striking millmen kept up their war on the interests of their employer. The half-prepared timbers of the new mill-to-be remained unfinished in the woods.



"Stop, let me go!" pleaded the lumberman's wife.

Craik Ravener first appealed to the generosity of his men, then threatened; but in either case they only laughed in his face and continued their senseless carousal, led by Spicer Brillet and Vernon Barcap. The latter was an expert mechanic, and to him had been intrusted the building of the mill on the ruins of the old. The ex-foreman proved a slender reed on which to lean, however, he having fallen in with the plans of his ignorant underling—Brillet—soon after the work was begun.

Spicer Brillet, although a marked man, a criminal of the vilest sort, still held up his head in Killbuck and defied the best people of the town to lay hands on his person.

Hickey's saloon, as may be imagined, was well patronized during these days of commotion, and whisky flowed freely, all too freely, over the bar of the "Palace." Some violence had been done and more threatened up to the morning subsequent to Evans Starling's return from Wisconsin. On this morning the young speculator turned his steps toward the house on the ridge intent on paying his respects to the Raveners—Miss Hope in particular. What then was his surprise on reaching the vicinity of the dwelling to meet an armed guard who presented his gun and demand to know the intruder's business.

"My business is with the family, not with you," returned Starling, curtly, his temper ruffled at the interruption. He was indignant as well to find the house of a peaceable citizen besieged by rough lumber jacks who, he believed, had no more right to molest this family than they had that of the Governor of the State.

"You can't go in," warned the guard.

"Who will prevent me?"

"You will soon know if you push things," was the significant reply.

Deciding not to bring about a collision, the young man withdrew and sought entry to the house in another quarter. Meantime, a man of far different appearance had made his way across the yard and was rapping heavily at the front door. When this swung open the man found himself face to face with Beryl Ravener.

She started and essayed to close the door when she recognized her caller as her husband's bitterest foe, Spicer Brillet. The villain thrust his foot beyond the threshold, and thus prevented the closing of the door.

"Don't make a blamed fool of yerself," he growled, as he crowded through the opening and closed the door behind him. "I ain't here to seek a fuss, but to offer terms of peace. Where's the old man?"

"Sir! you are insulting——"

"Hoity-toity! don't fly off the handle in this style, old girl, or I may forgit my manners and cuff yer ears. Where's the old man, I asked ye?"

"If you refer to my husband, he is not at home, and——"

"Look out, old girl, don't lie to me," snarled the mob leader. "You know what comes of liars, madam. I wish ter see old Ravener at once. I'll make it an object for him to see me. I'm here to settle the strike."

"If it is money you want——"

"Tut, tut. Who said money. I didn't. Call ther boss, I tell ye!"

"I told you he is not at home, which is true," again asserted Mrs. Ravener, her pale face exhibiting signs of color at last. "I hope——"

"No use in hopin' 'thout ye come to my terms," interrupted the brute, tersely. "See here, if the old man is gone, which I don't believe, wher's the young 'un?"

"Sir! I——"

"No airs, madam, they won't go down with me. I'll see the girl if you'll send her here. My business may be did with her as well as anybody."

The man's insolent bearing was more intolerable than his words. Mrs. Ravener was at a loss what to do. She feared the villain and would conciliate him if possible, so she invited him into the parlor and offered him a chair.

"I sits down only arter you, Mis' Ravener," he said, with a chuckle. In order to keep on good terms with the ruffian leader of the mob, Beryl Ravener sat down. There was deep anxiety depicted on her pale face, however. There had been terrible rumors afloat with regard to this man. She remembered how he had, on a former occasion, attempted the life of her husband, and that Colonel Tom had fallen before his vengeful knife. With such a man as this leading the strike, it was little wonder that the woman feared and detested him.

"Comfortable place here, ain't it?" grinned Brillet, gazing about on the rich furnishings of the room. "A man who can fix up his house like this 'ere is surely able to pay his poor workingmen the leetle sum 'at is their due; don't you think so, sister?"

White with indignation, the woman made no reply. After leering about in a boorish manner for a few moments, the strike leader turned to his hostess and said, bluntly:

"I come here to settle this hull matter, old woman, and mebbe you can make tarms as well as your old man."

He paused as if expecting a reply. None being vouchsafed, he went on:

"It has been a money matter with me all along till now, but I've about concluded to call the boys off for another consideration. Ye know I'm a person 'at's created a stir, and some folks would like to see me up afore a jedge and jury. Now, if you'll bargain to let bygones be bygones, and gin me Miss Hope for a wife, I'll call off the strike and settle down into a peaceable, law-abidin' citizen."

Mrs. Ravener would have been stunned had she imagined the man serious. He divined her thoughts and quickly added:

"Oh, I mean it, old woman. I've admired your darter a good long time, and I'd like to marry her. Say the word now, Mis' Ravener, and this hull blamed difficulty can be settled in one hour."

## CHAPTER XII.

"I wish you would leave me now; I would rather be alone," said Mrs. Ravener, in an icy tone meant to crush her insolent visitor. He was not of the crushable kind, however. He simply grinned and pulled his foretop, saying:

"You wanter consider my offer, I s'pose, Mis' Ravener, but there ain't no time to waste in preliminaries. If I'm to have your darter——"

"Sir, I command you to depart at once!"

"Oh, ef it comes to that!" he exclaimed, the grin on his ugly face changing to a scowl of rage, "I'll show ye a trick that'll discount any two you've got up yer sleeve."

He rose and advanced menacingly toward Mrs. Ravener. She did not recoil, but faced him with the coolness of desperation.

"Be careful, sir," she said, as he thrust out a hand as if to grasp her arm. "I'll summon the household if you don't go away this minute."

"Summon nothin'," sneered Brillet, whose breath smelled of whisky and who was evidently ready for any rash adventure. "I'm boss of Killbuck burg at the present time, Mis' Ravener, and what I say goes."

His big hand closed on her arm now, and with a pressure that brought a cry of pain from the woman's lips. At this moment a young man mounted the steps at the rear of the house, and instead of announcing his presence by a rap, he opened the door and stood in the kitchen. The place was deserted, but the cry of Mrs. Ravener reached the ear of the youth who had successfully run the guard placed about the house by Brillet and his minions.

"Stop! Let me go," pleaded the lumberman's wife, ready to sink to the floor with the pain.

"Let ye go, nothin'!" jeered the low villain. "I ain't goin' to release ye till ye give me a [illegible] promise me Hope inter the bargain, old woman."

Again Mrs. Ravener cried aloud with pain and alarm as the ruffian drew her across the carpet toward him. The door leading into the hall opened and Evans Starling rushed in. He compassed the situation at a glance and promptly knocked Spicer Brillet to the floor.

"Has the ruffian harmed you, Mrs. Ravener?" asked Evans, in a voice evincing the deepest concern.

"No, no; but he was insolent, and——"

"And deserves a thrashing," finished the young man, as the strike leader staggered to his feet, drawing a revolver from an inner pocket at the same moment. At sight of the weapon Mrs. Ravener screamed, but Evans Starling had not graduated from the hills of Colorado to fall a victim to a murderous Michigan bullwhacker.

The weapon was discharged, not, however, into the bsom of the intruder. Evans struck the pistol upward and the bullet pierced the ceiling. On the instant he wrenched the weapon from the would-be assassin and turned it against its owner. Ah! then how quickly the bold Mr. Brillet came to his senses.

"For God's sake, don't shoot!" he gasped, reeling, and clutching the back of a chair for support. "True as truth, I didn't mean nothin'——"

"You were only joking, I suppose!" sneered Starling.

"Yes; that's it; that's what it was all about!" cried the cringing coward. "I was only having a little talk with Mrs. Ravener about Hope, when she up 'n' yelled——"

This reference to the girl of his choice sent the hot blood surging to the cheeks of Evans Starling. He waited to hear no more, but leaned forward and dealt the insolent Brillet a blow with his fist that felled him a second time to the floor. And now the fellow did not rise again immediately. Starling now turned his attention to Mrs. Ravener, who had sunk, pale and trembling, into a chair.

"What was it all about, Mrs. Ravener? What did he mean by speaking the name of your daughter?"

The woman explained all she knew about the visit of Spicer Brillet, and when she had

President Roosevelt's Newsboy

THIS IS WILLIAM SMITH, the boy who sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to President Roosevelt every Thursday. Last fall William started to sell THE POST in Washington. He already sold newspapers. One day, after he had received his supply of the out-of-town newspapers, he passed the White House and noticed that some papers which he had had for almost two hours were just being delivered. Next day was THE SATURDAY EVENING POST day. As soon as he had gotten his package he started for the White House on his bicycle at top speed, and sold as many copies as possible among the attaches. A few days later the President noticed a newspaper which he knew was to contain something in which he was interested. He called for his copy, but was told that it had not yet arrived. Inquiry was made as to where the copy which he had seen came from. He was told that "it was delivered by William Smith, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST boy," it being related how he had been supplying the White House staff ahead of the regular carrier. The President left instructions with Secretary Cortelyou that William be brought to him. He shook hands with him and said that thereafter he wanted him to deliver his copies of the daily papers and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The story of "The President's Newsboy" traveled, and now, in addition to his newspapers, William sells from 400 to 500 copies of THE POST each week, principally to members of Congress, the President's household, and department clerks.

*There are 6000 boys like William Smith selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all over the country. They do it Friday afternoons after school hours and on Saturdays. Some are making $15.00 a week. We want more boys. It costs nothing to start; we send the first week's supply of 10 copies free. If you write to-day, YOU CAN START NEXT WEEK.*

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concluded the face of the young speculator was a picture of disgust and contempt.

"The scoundrel has gone one step too far," said the youth. "It is high time his career of crime was cut short. He came near murdering my friend, Colonel Tom, as you remember, and now he has the gall to come here and speak the name of Hope in vain. I'll turn him over to the sheriff and see if his propensity for vile deeds cannot be curbed. Where is Mr. Ravener?"

"I think he is out of town."

"You are sure he is not in the house?"

"Quite sure."

"And Hope?"

"She is in her room. I will call her."

"One moment, please," commanded Evans. "Do you know that the house is watched, that is, under surveillance of the strikers?"

"Indeed, I was not aware of it."

"It is true. I had considerable difficulty in making my way here. I think it is the intention of the strike leaders to hold your family close prisoners for the present. If, however, your husband is not at home, at least one part of their plan has gone wrong."

"This strike is dreadful," commented she. "I have lived for the last few days in constant dread of something terrible. Most of Craik's men seemed contented enough till this man here and his companion, Barcap, circulated evil stories among them about my husband, putting words in his mouth that he never uttered in this world."

"Exactly," returned Evans. "There's no telling to what lengths a lie will travel when once started. If Mr. Ravener is out of town, I trust he will remain away till the strike ends."

At this moment a loud clatter of feet was heard on the front porch, followed immediately by a sharp pounding on the door.

Evans stepped to a side window which commanded a view of the porch. He saw, to his dismay, that a dozen men—red-shirted, hard-featured log-cutters—had invaded the premises and were demanding admittance. At the same moment a groan from the prostrate Brillet filled the room.

In next week's issue of the Ledger other chapters of this story of treachery and the work of revenging fate will be presented to our readers. Our free cameras and patterns are always awaiting the orders of Ledger subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

BY HERO STRONG.

Everybody in the village where she resided charged Constance Fay not to favor the suit of Lucius Marion, and, of course, this advice only confirmed her in her determination to link her destiny with his.

Some women will submit tamely and listen to advice in matters of love, and perhaps profit by it, but not such women as Constance Fay.

She was beautiful and accomplished, and had some property at her own disposal. A proud, keenly sensitive girl, with strong feelings, and great capabilities for joy or suffering.

She trusted Lucius Marion entirely, and scorned to listen to the unfavorable stories which were circulated in the community to his discredit.

He was one of those smooth, plausible people one meets occasionally—people I have the pleasure of always hating most cordially; but they have a charm for some persons, I have observed. His character was "under the crust." You could no more judge in regard to the feelings of his secret heart by his outward seeming than you could tell a mince pie from an apple one by the looks of the crust. He was always affable, always courteous, never yielding to passion of any kind, going into no flights of enthusiasm, making no extravagant professions of tenderness, and speaking good or evil of nobody.

Of course, it is best to have one's temper always under control, but I confess to a sort of admiration for the man who has spirit and independence enough to get angry upon occasions.

To Constance, Lucius was all that a lover need be. If ever she missed anything, felt any lack when in his society, she buried the secret dep in her heart, for she was too proud a woman to seek for a flaw in the gem she had once accepted.

He was singularly submissive to her always; in point of appearance her wishes were his law; but there were those who hinted that Mr. Marion had finesse enough to have his own way upon most occasions without making it seem that he was enjoying that pleasure.

People thought it was strange that a young, healthy man like Marion should get his life insured as he did, and they were still more astonished when it was known that he had made the policy over to Constance Fay. The insurance was effected for the sum of five thousand dollars, and Constance, after begging and pleading vainly with him to give up the scheme, went to the same company and got a like sum upon her own life, with the policy drawn up in favor of Lucius Marion.

People laughed about it, and called it a Quixotic arrangement; but, after a nine days' wonder, it was forgotten and thought no more of.

As time went on fresh reports against Lucius' character became rife. He drank and gambled, and was, besides, deeply in debt. Constance heard of it all; there were plenty to tell her; but she asked Marion about it, and he laughed her out of her distress. She believed him in preference to the whole world.

He did play euchre once in a while, he said, when time hung heavily; and now and then he took a glass of champagne. As for being in debt, she must not trouble her head about such matters as that; he guessed he should not be sent to prison just yet. Then he kissed her and she trusted in what he had told her, and was at rest.

But he was in debt fearfully, and his creditors pressed him sorely.

He had parted with all his valuables, except his watch, to pacify them, and, with dodging around corners to avoid the tailor, and diving into by-places to get rid of the washerwoman, and the barber and the bootmaker and half a score of his gambling friends, to whom he owed debts of honor, the poor fellow led a troubled life.

Exposure and disgrace threatened him at every point; he was half frantic with fear and anxiety, but outwardly he was smooth and smiling as ever.

In this dire strait he went one night to visit Constance. She saw that he was strangely restless and distraught, and she exerted all her powers of pleasing to charm away his trouble, for some fine intuition told her that he was in grief.

It was a suffocating August night, with threatenings of thunder and tempest in the sulphurous atmosphere. The home of Constance was near the sea, and by and by he asked her to walk out on the bluffs for air.

Shivering, in spite of herself, she threw a shawl over her shoulders and followed him out. At the door, filled still with some undefinable dread, she tried to draw him back.

"There will be a shower directly," she said, nervously; "let us not go out. I am afraid of lightning, you know."

He put his arm around her and led her forward.

"Nonsense!" said he. "I will take care of you, dear. You are not afraid with me?"

When he spoke to her in that way she yielded always, and he drew her along the shore and up the steep ascent of the promontory known as the Rovers' Bluff. Still holding her with one arm, he stood there silently, looking out to sea, and listening to the low, mournful swash of the waves as they beat the shingly shore below. Did he hear any other voice than theirs? What subtle tempter whispered in his ear that, by one desperate act, involving no danger to himself, he might be free from debt, free as air of everything which bound him with promises and bonds of honor?

They were standing very near the edge of the precipice; he crowded a little nearer, Constance between him and the abyss. She clung to him with a faint cry of terror as the first lurid flash of lightning leaped from the black clouds; he released his hold of her, dashed off the white hand which clasped his arm, and took a step backward. He heard only a stifling cry, his name uttered in her voice, and then all was still.

It was more than a hundred feet to the foot of the bluff, and with a wild feeling of exultation he thought to himself that, before a week had passed, he would draw five thousand dollars from the safe of the N—— Life Insurance Company.

Of course he meant to mourn her death deeply—it would be proper to do so, considering the relation in which they stood to each other; and then, by and by, he meant to marry Letitia Graham, the rich old maid, whose home was at Graham Manor.

He hurried down the bluff, deciding, as he did so, that he would give no alarm in regard to Constance. It would be better to leave her fate to be discovered by some other person. It would naturally be supposed that she had gone to the bluff for a walk, by herself, and fallen over accidentally, for no one had seen her leave the house with him.

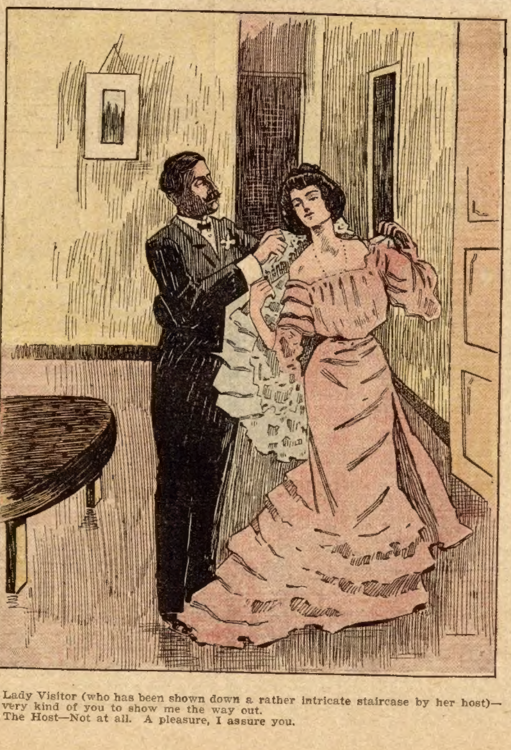
Half-way down the steep path Lucius Marion met one of the villagers going up the bluff. It was a short cut to his home, the man said, but Lucius, guilty and blood-stained in soul, shrank from the contact, and hurried on.

Forth from the inky sky came a broad blaze of light, followed instantly by a crash of thunder so terrific that the villager turned back on his way to seek the companionship of the man he had just met. Only a few steps he proceeded before he stumbled over something lying across the path. He stooped close over it, and when the next flash came he saw that it was the body of Lucius Marion. He called assistance, but it was of no avail. The guilty man was dead. A hole in his forehead, blackened and singed, showed where the bolt had penetrated his brain and struck him down without a moment's warning.

Constance was avenged.

The next day they found her mangled remains at the foot of the bluff, and buried her by the side of the man who had been her promised husband.

I wonder that he can sleep there, knowing his guilt and sin. I am more than ever sure that the soul goes away from the body when the death sleep comes, else that grave of Lucius Marion would ere this have yielded up the guilty and unquiet spirit of a murderer beside his victim.



Lady Visitor (who has been shown down a rather intricate staircase by her host)—So very kind of you to show me the way out.

The Host—Not at all. A pleasure, I assure you.

◆

### His Heart Was All Right.

It was church time on Sunday morning and the car was full. In the corner sat a rosy-cheeked, blonde young man, with a prayer book and hymnal on his knee. He was a good young man; his mild blue eyes beamed rectitude, even the twist of his small yellow mustache was conscientious. A pretty girl entered. The young man sprang to his feet and touched his hat with a flush as she sank into his seat. At the next corner a white-haired, elderly woman got in. She clutched a strap and swayed painfully with every lurch of the car. The young man looked anxious. He gazed about imploringly, but no one rose. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. Plainly he was nervous. At last he bent toward the pretty girl, and with an agonized blush said:

"Will you be kind enough to give this lady my seat?"

◆

### To Bring Him to Terms.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Solo, "Henry and I had some words this mornin, and I can't deny he got the best of it."

"That will never do," returned the experienced neighbor. "You can't afford to start married life in that way."

"I know it," answered the young wife. "I've thought it all over and when he comes home tonight I'm going to bring him to terms so quick that he'll hardly know what has happened."

"That's right, my dear. Show some spirit. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to bring up the subject again and then cry."

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If you would get up with the lark go to bed without one.

Hanging is too good for a painting that is badly executed.

Poverty develops either a woman's worst traits or her best ones.

Unless a man has good backing he is seldom able to put on a bold front.

If a man doesn't know when he's well off some of his fool friends will tell him.

When men mix religion with politics too often the religion gets lost in the shuffle.

Every man likes to talk about himself; consequently a good listener makes a desirable wife.

If Mark Hanna can settle all the strikes a little job like being President would not tax his powers.

If the public is the third party to a strike the other two parties appear to go on the theory that three is a crowd.

Chicago lagged behind New York and Omaha in the matter of strikes for a day or two, but it is catching up.

If a man wants to get a line on his popularity as a speaker let him hire a hall and charge fifty cents admission.

An Ohio woman has been granted a patent on a pie safe. Now if she will invent a safe pie all will be forgiven.

Harsh measures are not always best—as the woman who marries a man to reform him is apt to discover to her sorrow.

It serves a man right if he marries a woman because she has more sense than he has, if she never allows him to forget it.

If Joaquin Miller denies the rumor that he is dead his opinion should be accepted as conclusive. Joaquin is in a position to know.

An Omaha woman has been enjoined from talking, but it remains to be seen whether even an injunction can perform the impossible.

Ordinary air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen, except in Breathitt County, Kentucky, where there seems to be a considerable mixture of lead.

# A DANGEROUS QUEST;

## or, The Fate of the Dauntless Three.

By THJMAS P. MONTFORT.

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Begun in No. 20, May 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

### CHAPTER XV.

### ANTOINETTE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Antoinette did not show any unnecessary haste in leaving the building, for she was far too sensible to do anything that might have a tendency to create suspicion in the minds of the people about her.

She waited around the building awhile, busying herself with the affairs of housekeeping, talking and laughing carelessly and naturally with her people, and apparently taking a lively interest in whatever was going on among them.

"I wonder," she said, after a time, "if our men are not returning?"

"I don't know," some one replied, "they have been gone quite awhile, and it seems that they should be coming back soon."

"It ought not to take them long to capture those two Americans," Antoinette remarked; "they are so many more in number."

"No; it ought not. but those Americans are perfect devils when it comes to fighting, and I look for some of our men to lose their lives."

"Yes; they are bad men to fight against," Antoinette admitted. "Heigh-ho!" she continued, "I believe I will go out and see if I can hear anything of our men."

She sauntered slowly toward the door, stopping once or twice to say something, then opening the door, stood for a little while on the step looking out into the night. After awhile she carelessly stepped out and closed the door after her, then she sauntered and hesitated no longer, but with one spring jumped to the ground and sped away into the darkness with all the agility she possessed. She had not gone far when she heard the door open, and, looking back, she could see in the light that streamed from the building several people crowded in the doorway peering anxiously out.

She was safe from view, however, since all about her was darkness; so she breathed easy, and had but little fear of discovery.

She heard her name called several times, and when the people received no answer they began to emerge from the building and begin a search for her.

She moved on then with noiseless tread, and after a short time reached a piece of thick, dark woods. In this she felt quite safe, though she knew her pursuers were not far away and were liable to hem her in on either side.

She had gone on through the woods for some distance, when suddenly it occurred to her that she had been a long time in passing through to the open ground that lay beyond. She knew the piece of woods well, and knew that it was but a narrow strip through which she should have passed in half the time she had spent in traversing it.

Then the thought came to her that she had lost the direction, and that instead of continuing straight forward, she had turned to one side. She stopped, puzzled to decide which way to turn, and at that moment she heard a footstep within four or five feet of her. Some one had heard her movements among the bushes and was approaching the spot where she stood.

What should she do?

If she attempted to run away the man would certainly pursue and overtake her, and, besides, not knowing the directions, she would be likely to run right into the danger from which she was trying to escape.

Still, she had no time to think, for with two or three strides the man would be upon her. So she acted on her first impulse, throwing herself down flat upon the ground and waited in breathless suspense.

The man came up and passed by her, then turned and came back, this time passing so near that he stepped on one of her fingers, crushing it under his boot. She was strongly inclined to cry out at the terrible pain this gave her, but setting her teeth hard together she checked her inclination and remained quiet.

The woods were as dark as a dungeon, and the man had no suspicion that Antoinette was so near him. He was confident, however, that she could not be many feet distant, so he stopped and listened, hoping that she might by some sound betray herself.

After waiting almost a minute and hearing nothing, he called to his friends to bring a light. This turn of affairs filled Antoinette with alarm, for she knew that with a light they would discover her immediately. Her heart beat so hard that she thought the man, who stood almost against her, must surely hear it.

Then she thought what if the man should shift his position and move toward her? If he should move his foot in her direction by barely so much as four or five inches he would touch her and know she was there.

It was a critical moment for her—a moment fraught with the most intense and trying suspense.

Directly she saw a light approaching in her direction, and then she realized that unless she acted, and acted at once, all would be lost.

In an instant she had taken her resolution, and had decided what she would do. Her undertaking might fail, but that did not matter, since she could not make her situation worse.

She sprang to her knees with the agility of a cat, and the next moment had lunged against the man with all her weight and strength. So quick and so energetic was her movement that the man was sent sprawling from her among the bushes before he had scarcely become aware of her presence.

Springing to her feet, Antoinette sped away before the man with the light reached her, but the man whom she had thrown down was soon up again and in hot pursuit of her.

She hoped and believed that she could elude him, and she was leading him a good chase, keeping well out of his reach. But unluckily she caught her foot in a vine and fell flat on the ground. The man heard her fall and dashed forward to grasp her.

But he did not reach her, for in a moment he was knocked senseless, and lay on the ground like one dead, while Antoinette was up and away.

In falling Antoinette had thrown out her hands, as a falling person will, in search of something for a support. One of her hands had come in contact with a small tree, and

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it not being strong enough to stay her, she had bent it down with her weight and momentum.

No sooner had she struck the earth than she released her hold on the tree, and it flying back to its natural position, met the man half way, dealing him a stunning blow across the face and forehead, knocking him senseless.

Antoinette soon reached the open ground, and, knowing the direction again, she shortly escaped from her pursuers and left them so far behind that she had no further apprehension of danger from them.

However, there was another danger that threatened, and of which she had had no thought. That was the great storm which has already been described. After passing the rest of the night in the woods, she had crossed the open ground and entered a deep forest. Then the storm broke. She saw at once that it would be useless to attempt to go on while the storm raged, for she could not keep her feet an instant unless she held to some kind of support.

In the flashes of lightning she looked about her for a place of shelter, and a few yards distant she saw a little cave.

"If I can reach that," she said to herself, "I shall be safe."

But it was no easy matter to reach it, though the distance was so short. She loosened her hold on the tree, to which she had been clinging, and started toward the cave, but at almost the first step the wind took her off her feet and dashed her violently to the ground.

She waited a moment, then attempted to rise, but before she could get on her feet an unusually strong blast of wind caught her and swept her back.

She started then to crawl to the cave, and had gone a little way when a great tree came crashing down right across her path, barely missing her.

After a little more crawling she reached the branches of the fallen tree, and holding to these she worked her way along toward the cave. It was a trying time, for trees were crashing down all about her, and the hoarse roar of the storm filled the great forest.

At last, sorely beaten and bruised, her face scratched and cut, and her clothing torn into shreds, she reached the cave and found shelter.

She remained in the cave until the storm was over, then resumed her tramp to find Minter and Dainton.

It was almost evening when she reached the place where she had left the two men, and when she saw the havoc that had been wrought there by the storm she was sure that they had been crushed by the great stone that had toppled into the enclosure if they had not previously been killed in their battle with the islanders.

She sat down, heavy-hearted, and rested a little while, then she began to look about her. In a short time she discovered Minter's and Dainton's tracks leading away from the place, and then she knew that they were still living.

With a feeling of great joy she followed the course they had taken, and at last came within sight of them from the ridge overlooking the valley beyond which the building stood.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ANTOINETTE AND DAINTON.

The moment Dainton saw Antoinette standing in the ridge, a short distance behind him, he turned about and hurried back to her. Minter, of course, followed him.

As soon as Dainton reached Antoinette he clasped her hands in his, and, raising them to his lips, kissed them. He had not forgotten how she had saved their lives.

"My poor girl," he said, thoughtfully, "you have been experiencing a hard time."

"I have," she replied, with a shudder. "I have suffered a dozen deaths."

"You were out in all that storm?"

"Yes; but that was not the worst. Oh, if that had only been all!"

"What else has happened to you, Antoinette? I see you have suffered."

"It is all so horrible," she cried. "So awful! I had so many narrow escapes from death!"

"How? Tell me all."

"Then, let's sit down. I am too weak to stand."

"Yes; sit down. I can see that you are exhausted."

Antoinette sat for some time in silence and Dainton kept his eyes on her face, watching her intently. After awhile he said in tones of deep compassion:

"Poor child, I know you must have suffered terribly."

"Oh, I have," she replied. "It has been an awful time, and when I think of all I have passed through it seems like a hideous nightmare."

"Your face is all cut and scratched," he went on, "and your clothing is torn into shreds."

"Yes; but I do not mind that," she replied. "My bodily suffering was nothing compared with the dreadful mental tortures I experienced. Oh, that was terrible!"

"Do you feel strong enough to tell us about it?" Minter asked.

"Yes; I will try."

And she began at the first and told all that had happened to her from the time she had left them in the enclosure down to that moment when she saw them from the ridge.

They listened to her story in silent astonishment, now flushing with anger toward her persecutors, now thrilling with pleasure at the way in which she had outwitted them. When she had completed her story, Dainton impulsively threw his arms about her neck and kissed her, then, standing erect, said conclusively:

"I have known that Antoinette is the bravest and the best girl that ever lived, and now she has proved that it is so. There is not another woman on earth who could go through what she has and come out victorious. Ain't that so, Minter?"

"I suspect it is," Minter replied.

"Suspect nothing! You know it."

"Yes; but, Antoinette, tell me about Maria," Minter said.

"Alas, I can tell you nothing more of her than I have already told," Antoinette replied.

"You saw nothing of her, then, after Alfonso interfered with your attempt to release her?"

"No; I had no opportunity to see her after that."

"Did she cry out when he slammed the door in her face?"

"No.'

"Did she say anything?"

"No.'

"Nor make any sound?"

"None."

"Do you suppose she fainted?"

"I don't know, but I think not. She is not a woman who faints in time of trial and danger."

"But it was a terrible disappointment to her."

"Yes; it was."

"To be so near free, then in a moment hopelessly imprisoned again."

"Yes; it was a bitter disappointment, and the shock must have been very great. But Maria is a strong woman and I am sure she will withstand it."

Minter walked restlessly up and down for a little while, then he said:

"Dainton, we must go at once to the rescue of Maria. We must get her out of the hands of those villains."

"I am ready to go with you at this moment," Daniton answered.

"Then let's go. I would not lose one single minute."

"But, first, Minter, what is to become of Antoinette?"

"If you go I shall go with you," Antoinette announced.

"But you can not," Dainton objected. "There is too much danger."

"I care nothing for that."

"We may lose our lives."

"Then I will lose mine with you."

"But you are exhausted already."

"Not too much exhausted to go with you wherever you go."

"You must not think of going with us, Antoinette."

"I will think of nothing else."

Dainton was perplexed. He saw that Antoinette was determined to stay with him and Minter, and that no amount of reasoning would alter her mind. He saw, too, that the enterprise he and Minter had proposed to undertake would be fraught with great risks, and that Antoinette would not only have to share those risks but would augment them, inasmuch as they would have to guard and protect her.

"Antoinette," he said at last, "you positively must not accompany us. It will not do at all."

"What else can I do?" she asked.

"You can remain in some safe hiding-place until we return."

"But suppose you should not return?"

"Do you think for a moment that I might not come back to you?"

"No."

"Then why do you hint that we may not return?"

"Because you may never get back. You are going into great dangers."

"And you think we may be killed?"

"Yes; I fear you may."

Dainton waited a little while before replying, and then he said, slowly:

"Well, we may be killed. No one knows how we may come out. But I hope that our risks will not be so desperate. You see, there are but a few men left at the building, for they were nearly all in the attacking party last night, and we settled a good many of them, and I imagine that the storm settled the rest."

"They may have escaped the storm," Antoinette said, "and if they did they have returned home before now. So, after all, you may find a strong force there to meet you."

"That's true, of course."

"And in that case you will be taking great risks in going there."

"Yes; that's true, too."

"And the chances are that you will never come away."

"Well, I don't know about that."

"I do. I know those men are thoroughly aroused now, and that they will put forth redoubled efforts to capture or kill you."

"I have no doubt of that."

"Nor I," said Minter. "They certainly demonstrated to us last night that they had fully set their hearts on exterminating us."

"They made that fact pretty apparent, I think," Dainton added. "But talk will not accomplish anything."

"No; it's work that is needed," Minter replied.

"Then, let's be moving," Antoinette said, rising to her feet. "I am ready this moment."

Dainton shook his head.

"Antoinette," he said, "you must not think of going; and I tell you now, that if you insist on it I will have to prevent you."

"How?"

"By refusing to go myself."

"You will not do that?"

"I will, surely."

"And make no effort to rescue Maria?"

"No; not an effort."

"You do not mean it?"

"I do."

"Sure?"

"As sure as you live."

Antoinette hesitated. She was undecided what to say. She had decided that nothing could ever induce her to leave Dainton again, yet on the other hand she had resolved to lend every effort in her power to advance the interest of Maria Villero. Of the two courses open before her she hardly knew which to choose. It was hard to give up Dainton when she knew that the chances were that she would never see him again, and on the other side she was not willing to throw any obstruction in the way of Maria's rescue.

For a time she wavered between the two alternatives, but at last she decided which she would do, and looking up into Dainton's face, she said:

"You are sure that you will not go unless I consent to remain behind?"

"I am," he replied. "I will make a vow to that effect."

She sighed; then said, resignedly:

"Well, I will stay."

"That is sensible," Dainton said, again

(Continued on page eleven.)

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Whom loss of appetite distressed.
"I des tan't eat!" the child would scream.
Jim fixed a dish of "Force" with cream;
She tasted it, then, joy for him!
She begged for more from "Sunny Jim."

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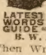
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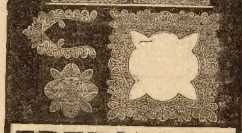
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## THAT'S THE TIME

### When Proper Food Is Necessary.

Proper food is never more necessary than when recovering from a wasting sickness, when over-eating would be fatal and yet the body needs nourishment and plenty of it.

At this time the condensed food Grape-Nuts is shown to be one's most powerful friend. Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will sustain a healthy man for half a day and a less quantity in warm milk will build up the convalescent wonderfully. No stomach is too weak to digest and relish Grape-Nuts. "I was taken sick with Typhoid fever and every one who has had this disease knows how weak and lifeless a person feels when beginning to recuperate.

"I had to be very careful about my diet and could eat only very light foods. These did not seem to nourish me and instead of getting better every day I was just at a standstill and every one began to fear a relapse. One day while lying in bed very much discouraged my sister who was reading to me from the paper read an article about Grape-Nuts and we decided to send for a package.

"From the very first meal of Grape-Nuts I began to improve, strength came in bounds and leaps with the result that I was soon out of bed; my change for the better seemed simply marvelous. My mind is clear and strong and my body sturdy. I am now entirely recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason.

A dessert that helps the body, that's the thing! Any number of them in the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.

### A Drawback.

Dolly—Yes; they are going to be married this winter, but I'm afraid their married life will be unhappy.

Polly—Why, I thought they were congenial and dead in love with each other.

Dolly—They are; but you see they are going to live in a steam-heated flat, and you can imagine that the janitor will cause love to grow cold with coal at its present high price.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

### A Slight Difference.

Haggard-Looking Room Hunter—Little girl, does your mamma keep boarders?

Honest Little Girl—No, sir; she takes boarders, but she don't keep 'em.

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Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier) says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

### Still in the Future.

"Even when I was a mere child," said the conceited Mr. Rimer, "I used to think how grand it would be to become a poet some day."

"Ah! yes," replied Miss Pepprey, "and isn't it strange that we should never try to fulfill these childish ambitions?"

**BOOKKEEPING TAUGHT FREE.**

By special arrangements with the State School of Correspondence, 13 Cypress street, Rochester, N. Y., every reader of this paper who acts quickly, may have a complete course of bookkeeping absolutely free.

### Returned for the Pan.

Only the experienced and methodical housekeeper knows the agony of the woman whose maid forgets her tray while performing the ceremonious obligation of the house. That the importance of the tray is recognized in Milwaukee is evidenced by the relation, by the Sentinel, of the horror which seized upon a fashionable mistress while listening to conversation in the hall.

The maid had just arrived, and had been solemnly instructed as to the necessity of carrying the silver card-tray when answering the door-bell. It was an "at home" day and the domestic, in immaculate cap and apron, rushed to the door at the first tinkle. The caller proved to be the most imposing representative of the very upper set.

"Sure, an' she's in," said Mary, affably, in answer to the usual inquiry, and started upstairs. Half-way up she turned and rushed madly back, snatched the card-tray from the table, and holding it out to the astonished visitor, exclaimed:

"And wasn't I after forgettin' me pan!"

# JOKES AND

### Prima Facie Evidence.

An English lord of the manor was returning home one night, when he found a country bumpkin standing by the kitchen door with a lantern in his hand.

"What are you doing here?" the lord asked, roughly.

"I've come a-coortin', sir," was the reply.

"A-courting? What do you mean by that?"

"I'm a follower o' Mary, the kitchen maid."

"Is it your habit to carry a lantern when you are on such errands?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nonsense!" retorted the master, angrily. "Don't talk such stuff to me! Be off with yourself! Courting with a lantern! When I was young I never used such a thing!"

"No sir," said the yokel, moving rapidly away. "Judgin' by the missus, I shouldn't think you did."

### Further Information Wanted.

In one of the later settlements of New South Wales a man was put on trial for stealing a watch. The evidence had been very conflicting, and as the jury retired the judge remarked kindly that if he could give any assistance in the way of smoothing out possible difficulties he should be happy to do so.

Eleven of the jury had filed out of the box, but the twelfth remained, and the expression on his face showed that he was in deep trouble.

"Well, sir," remarked the judge, "is there any question you would like to ask me before you retire?"

The juror's face brightened, and he replied, eagerly:

"I would like to know, my lord, if you could tell us whether the prisoner stole the watch."

### A Courteous Dog Transaction.

In Manningham's quaint old diary for 1603 is found this queerly spelled account of a little exchange of favors between the queen and one of her courtiers:

Mr. Francis Curle told me howe one Doctor Bullein, the queenes kinsman, had a dog which he doted on soe much that the queene understanding of it requested he would graunt hir one desyre, and he should have what soever he should aske.

She demaunded his dogge; he gave it, and "Nowe, Madam," quoth he, "you promised to give me my desyre."

"I will," quoth she.

"Then, I pray you give me my dog againe."

### Egotism.

Egotism is one of the crops most easily cultivated. A peculiarity of the plant is that it makes the most rapid and permanent growth on the barrenest of mental reservations.

### Feline.

Miss Hoamley—I don't know whether or not to wear a veil with this hat. Do you think it would improve it?

Miss Speitz—That depends, dear. Do you mean to wear the veil over your face, or on your hat?

### A Dead-Slow Golfer.

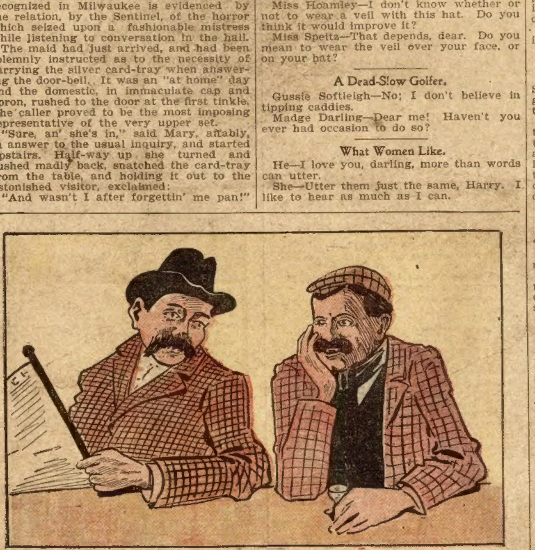
Gussie Softleigh—No; I don't believe in tipping caddies.

Madge Darling—Dear me! Haven't you ever had occasion to do so?

### What Women Like.

He—I love you, darling, more than words can utter.

She—Utter them just the same, Harry. I like to hear as much as I can.



"Here's a good story," said the man with the paper. "A bald-headed man tried forty different hair tonics without result, and at last he tried one internally, and it made him dream of ghosts——"

"And that raised his hair, of course."

### As a Deterrent

Promoter—What will it cost us to get this thing through the Assembly?

Official Grafter (in St. L—s)—Well, if Folk hears of it, sir, it will cost either a trip to Europe or a term in the pen.

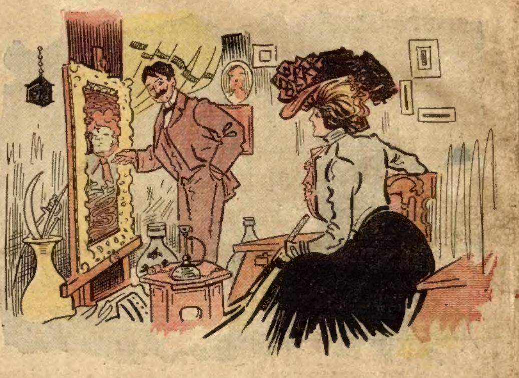
### Bobby's Wish.

"Grandpa, am I going straight to Heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, my dear. Why?"

"I thought I'd like to stop over just one night in the other place."

### A Hot One.



Miss Antique—Don't you know, that when I refused him he got drunk and stayed drunk nearly a week.

Miss Caustique—It seems to me that he carried the celebration to a very great extreme.

### In Regulation Attire.

The good spirits and good nature of soldiers are proverbial. They are always ready for anything in the way of fun, and even in the very moment of death they are not insensible to a humorous situation. "Tommy Atkins" has a sort of ponderous humor of his own, of which he may be not infrequently unconscious.

Conan Doyle has told several good stories of the lighter side of the war in South Africa, and Julian Ralph supplements them with others quite as good. Mr. Ralph relates an anecdote to illustrate soldierly good humor, even at the expense of personal comfort.

The troops had been greatly annoyed by swarms of troublesome insects, and to cap their sorrows a small army of locusts put in an appearance. Tommy had been vainly brushing away and trying to dodge the pests, all to no purpose, until finally catching one and closely examining it, he called out to his mates in a rich cockney dialect:

"Blame me if the bloomin' butterflies ain't in khaki!"

### Only One Regret.

"Captain," said the clerical friend of the Salvation Army officer, "I hope you had a good series of meetings in that part of town you invaded last week?"

"We had, sir," replied the captain, enthusiastically. "Indeed we had. The only thing that caused me the slightest annoyance was an attempt one of my faithful lieutenants made one evening to fit a hymn to the tune of 'Mr. Dooley—ooley—ooley—ooley—oo.' It didn't go well, brother; it didn't go well at all."

### On a Shelf.

"Mamma," asked little 3-year-old Margie, "do people go to Heaven when they die?"

"Yes, dear; if they are good," replied her mother.

"Then I guess grandpa wasn't any good," rejoined the little miss. "'Cause when he died they just put him on a shelf in a big stone house and locked the door."

### Just Like Papa.

"I saw Klumsey's new baby yesterday. It's a regular chip off the old block."

"Why, I couldn't see any resemblance at all."

"No? Well, when I saw the kid it had just opened its mouth and put its foot in it."

### Bridget's Argument.

Bridget—Oi can't stay, ma'am, onless ye gives me more wages.

Mrs. Hiram Often—What! Why, you don't know how to cook or do housework at all!

Bridget—That's just it, ma'am, an' not knowin' how, sure, the wurk is all the harder for me, ma'am.

### A Diplomat.

Gladys—If she doesn't love him why does she encourage him?

Edith—Well, she's hoping her father will suspect she loves him and send her on a trip to Europe to overcome her infatuation.

### Assisted Him.

"You went to call on Miss Higginspike last night, didn't you, Wopsley?"

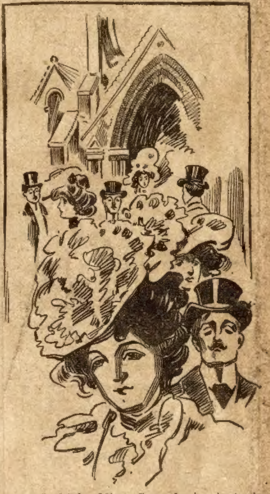
"Yes."

"Told her you expected to leave the city shortly for good?"

"Yes."

"How did she take it?"

"Well, she—h'm—gave me what you might call a good sendoff."



He—I think Miss Screecher's taste in music is improving.

She—But she only sang one solo in the choir today.

He—That's just the reason why I say her taste is improving.

### The Proverb of the Improvident.

"You can't eat your cake and have it, too?"

"Dat's right," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "but on de yuthuh hand, if you eats yoh chickens you doesn't run no risk ob habbin' 'em stole."

### Gave Him a Turn.

The Doctor—You regard society as merely a machine, do you? What part of the machinery do you consider me, for instance?

The Professor—You are one of the cranks.

# JOLLITY

### Anticipating.

"Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day?" was the somewhat reproachful question.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas; one for you and one for me."

### Comforting the Prisoner.

"What bothers me," said the new prisoner, "is the thought of a long trial and weary months in jail."

"Don't let that disturb you," replied the high sheriff. "I've just got word that they are coming to lynch you at twelve o'clock sharp."

### In Oklahoma.

Tourist—Do these racing automobiles give you farmers much trouble?

Native—No end uv it! It's got so now that when we see a dark, funnel-shaped cloud approaching we don't know whether to run fer a gun or a cyclone cellar.

### Another Industrial Victim.

The man now lifts the honey out;
The bee declares it is unjust,
And in his heart believes, no doubt,
That he is up against a trust.

### After the Proposal.

His Lordship—But you might change your mind. Women do, sometimes, change their minds.

Miss Fanny T. Phayre—Yes; I might, if I had said yes.

### New Barber.

Boss—Why did you stand so far away from that man when you were shaving him?

The New Barber—Why, sir, he said he didn't want to be shaved close.

### Two of a Kind.

"I took great pains with that pudding we had for dinner," remarked the young wife.

"And so did I, my dear," rejoined the husband, as he poured out a double dose of cholera mixture.

### Wanted the Truth.

Magistrate—What is your occupation?

Witness—I'm a lawyer, your honor.

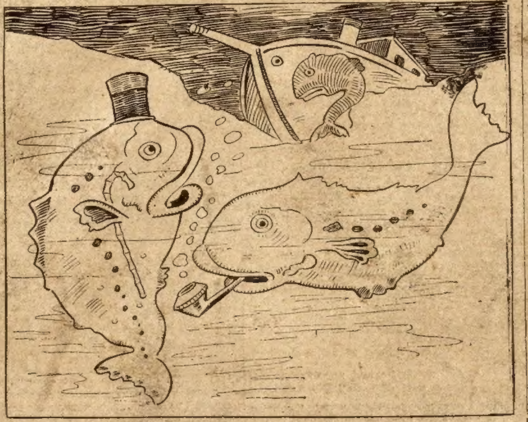
Magistrate—Well, try to forget it while giving your testimony.

### Not Enough.

Advertiser—What experience have you had with an automobile?

Chauffeur—Thirty days in ze prison.

### Naturally Despondent.



Willie Fish—Who's that melancholy-looking chap sitting over there?
Johnny Fish—Oh, don't mind him! That's Mr. Bluefish.

### A Heartfelt Wish.

Pedestrian (to beggar)—I have a little money to give you, because I am a poet and, what is more, my poems are not to be published until I am dead. Here's ten cents."

Beggar—Long life to ye, sir.

### His Last Night Out.

Husband (time 1 a. m.)—I shay, m'dear, I (hic) didn't 'shpect to fi' you h(ic) settin' up for me.

Wife (calmly)—Oh, that's all right, old boy. I just got in myself about five minutes ago.

### An Atheletic Reform.

Winks—There is likely to be a change in college athletics next year. Exercises which kill will no longer be tolerated.

Jinks—What will be substituted?

Winks—Exercises which only half kill, of course.

### Quite a Shock.

Cinder Charley—So yer took a plunge in matrimony one time. How did it feel?

Gritty George—Just like jumpin' off a fast freight.

### More Useful.

Sharp—Every one seems to be working tramp jokes these days.

Wealton—H'm! Wonder some one don't work the tramps.

### Limitations of Hypnotism.

New Boarder—What's the row upstairs?

Landlady—It's that professor of hypnotism, trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

### An Easter Chirp.

First Chick—Oh, you needn't put on so many airs. Your mother was not a lady.

Second Chick—Huh! My mother was a high-priced incubator, while yours was only a common old hen.

### Positively Brutal.

Husband—I wish I knew where I could find a buried treasure.

Wife—Never mind, dear, I'm your treasure.

Husband—Yes, but you're not buried.

### Willing Helper.

Miss Youngerly had an old beau
Who made her weary, and seau
She told him at length
If he hadn't the strength
She'd help him to get up and geau.

### What Started the Scrap.

Larry—Oi'd hov yez to know thot me grandfather niver showed his heels on th' batthlefield.

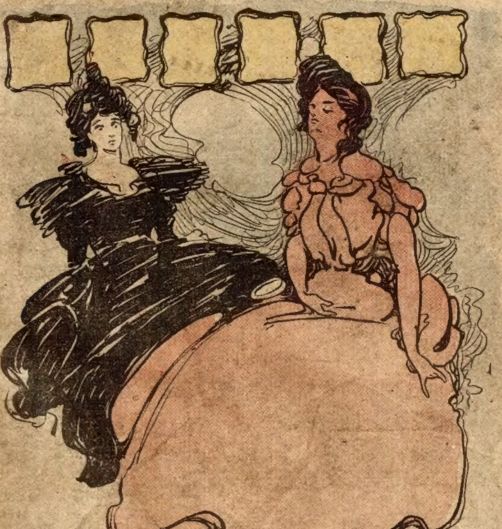
Denny—Bedad, thin, Oi suppose he retreated backward.

### Terrible Case.

"They say Underwood baffled six physicians."

"Must have been a terrible case."

"It was. Although they took him to court they could never collect a cent."



"Why did Mr. Henpeque refuse to take that picture of his wife?"
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# ROSAMOND'S CONQUEST.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Rosamond!"

"Coming, mamma!" and the little girl ran in from the garden, her dimpled fingers all stained, and her wicker basket half filled with ripe strawberries.

"My love, I want you to run to the drug store," said her mother, looking up from the handsome party dress she was trimming. "Poor papa's fever is coming on again, and he must have his medicine. Ask the druggist to refill this bottle and——"

"Yes, mamma; give me the money."

Mrs. Trevor burst into tears.

"Rosamond," she said, "I haven't a cent in the wide world, and shall not have till this dress is finished, and I've worked so hard; but, run, my love, and ask the druggist to send me the medicine, and tell him he shall have his money early tomorrow morning."

"Yes, mamma," and away ran Rosamond, her sensitive mouth quivering, her blue eyes full of tears.

"Poor mamma, poor mamma! I wish I could help her!" she murmured.

Meanwhile Mrs. Trevor sat at her sewing, but her tears often blinded her, and she arose every minute or two to cross the room and peep into her husband's chamber. He was dozing, his wan face flushed with rising fever—her dear, handsome husband, for whose love she had sacrificed so much.

She was the daughter and only child of a wealthy banker, this pale, sorrowing wife. When she reached her eighteenth birthday, her father called her into the library and told her that he had chosen her husband, at the same time displaying a handsome set of diamonds, which had come with Mr. Oglethorpe's proposal.

"Such fine diamonds they are! And, my dear, Mr. Oglethorpe comes of the best family in the State, and he is a millionaire, as well."

"But, papa, I cannot marry Mr. Oglethorpe."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't love him."

"Stuff! You'll love him soon enough when you are once his wife. Not another word—you shall take him or no one. I shall see young Trevor and give him orders to cease visiting my house. You hear me, Edith?"

"Yes, papa, but if I don't obey?"

"Then I'll disown you, and you'll marry under my curse."

And when Edith, as many a fond, weak girl has done, yielded to her lover's persuasions and became his wife, her father kept his word. From the hour of her marriage she saw his face no more.

She was very happy with the man of her choice, and did not regret the step she had taken, although her estrangement from the father she loved caused her unceasing pain. At first they managed to live quite cozily, but soon Mr. Trevor, never strong, failed in health. Then a security debt came upon him and swept away his little all, and a couple of years after Rosamond's birth they were very poor, indeed, and now there was another little one in the cradle.

For her children's sake Edith swallowed her pride and wrote her father a touching letter, begging him to forgive her and help her in her sore distress. The letter was returned to her unopened.

Then she set to work herself, taking in embroidery and plain sewing; but all her efforts could not keep the gaunt wolf from the door.

She sat at her work now, thinking over her troubles and waiting for Rosamond's return.

It was not long before the little creature came running in, but one glance at her grieved little face told her mother she had failed.

"Well, Rosie, darling?" she said, gently.

"Oh, mamma, he wouldn't let me have it," sobbed the child. "I told him about poor papa, and I begged him, but he said no—the money must come first."

"Well, love, it can't be helped," sighed her mother. "I can finish the dress in an hour, and then we shall get the money. Go and fan poor papa now, and put a cool strawberry in his mouth when he wakes. Mamma must sew."

Rosamond obeyed, taking her place by her father's couch. She fanned him into a sound sleep, and then she went to the open window, and fell to dreaming.

The afternoon sunshine glittered on the little garden plot, with its tufts of pinks and heartsease, and its square bed of strawberries. Rosamond built her castles; and meanwhile her mother finished the party dress, and arose to take it home.

"Take good care of papa, Rosie," she called, as she crossed the yard, "and watch baby."

"All right, mamma," answered Rosamond.

The afternoon droned away, and with the twilight her mother returned. Rosamond had tidied up the sick room, and had made the tea already for her father's supper, beside rocking her baby brother when he awoke.

"Well, mamma," she cried, joyfully.

Her poor mother fell into a seat, and burst into sobs.

"Oh, Rosamond, the lady can't pay me till next week. There is no hope for us; oor papa must die!"

Rosamond only nodded her curly head, d a curious sparkle lit her eye.

'll do it," she whispered, under her th.

Mr. Trevor had a bad night, and his wife got no sleep, consequently she did not rise early the next morning, but Rosamond was up with the dawn.

She put on her best dress and her chip hat, and stole downstairs, with her little wicker basket in her hand. Then she ran into the garden, and gathered the largest of the strawberries. When she had filled her basket, she made a little nosegay of her heartsease, and another of pinks, and put them on top of the bright berries. Then she hung the little basket on her arm, and dropping on her knees upon the wet grass, she looked up at the opal sky and prayed:

"Oh, dear Lord, please help me to sell my berries, to buy my poor sick papa some medicine." And never doubting, in her sweet child's faith, but God would hearken to her request, she bounded to her feet and ran off in the direction of the village.

The early market was just opened, and a dozen or two countrywomen were ranged in stalls and along the sidewalk, with their produce in green array before them. Little Rosamond looked about her for a minute, and then established herself in a corner, and stood there like a picture, her hat pushed back, her cheeks flushed, her golden curls in a tumble.

"Who'll buy my ripe strawberries?"

At last a gentleman paused, attracted by the sweet, bird-like voice.

"Please, sir, would you buy my berries?"

"Basket and all, and yourself in the bargain?"

"Not myself, but the basket, sir, and the posies, and only fifty cents."

The gentleman drew out his purse.

"I can't find it in my heart to refuse such a mite of a market-woman as you are," he said, kindly. "Here's a dollar. Now, tell me how it comes to pass that such a baby as you are at this occupation?"

Rosamond received the dollar with dancing eyes.

"Oh, sir, how good you are! Thank you a hundred times. Oh, my poor papa can have his medicine now. You see, sir, he's very sick, my poor papa is, and mamma hasn't one cent, and the druggist wouldn't let us have the medicine, and mamma could not get the money for the pretty dress she made; and, oh, how she did cry—and—and——"

"And you came here to sell your berries?"

"Yes, sir, that's it; and mamma doesn't know what I have done. Oh, but won't she be glad when she sees this!"

She closed her pink fingers on the crisp bill, and handed her little basket to the gentleman. He took it, and then stood looking down at her with a curious, wistful gaze. Something in the frank, clear, young eyes stirred his heart, and made his lips quiver.

"I must run home now. Good-by, sir; I shall never forget you."

Rosamond held out her chubby hand. He clasped it and held it close.

"You'll tell me your name first, won't you, little woman?"

"Rosamond Trevor, sir."

"What?"

The child eyed his wondering face in amazement.

"And your mother's name?"

"Edith Trevor, sir."

"Gracious heavens!"

He was silent a minute; but when the child sought to release her hand, he only held it the closer.

"Rosamond," he said, presently, in a faltering voice, "did you ever hear of your grandfather?"

"My Grandfather Everleigh? Oh, yes, indeed, sir! Mamma tells me about him, but I never saw him. He's a rich man, and—and—well, I don't think he cares for us because we are poor."

"Rosamond, I am your grandfather."

The child looked at him with incredulous eyes; then all at once she began to clap her hands.

"And you will go home with me and see poor mamma—you will, you will!" she cried.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, in a hoarse voice. "Come along; my carriage is not far off."

They drove up the green lane to the cottage just as the sun was rising. Rosamond's mother was in the garden looking about in great concern for her little girl.

"Here I am, mamma!" shouted Rosie, putting forth her golden head. "I ran away to market to sell strawberries; and, oh, mamma, I've got a whole dollar, and I've brought Grandfather Everleigh home with me!"

The meeting between father and daughter was a happy one, and all the past was forgotten and forgiven in the joy of the present. Under the treatment of a good physician, and the restorative power of a contented mind, Mr. Trevor soon regained his health; and Edith's father, to make amends for his former harshness, took him into the firm of which he was the head, and insisted that they should all live together in his mansion, where little Rosie is now his pet and almost constant companion.

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# A DANGEROUS QUEST.

(Continued from page seven.)

kissing her hand. "Now, we must look out for a safe place to leave you."

"I do not know where you will find it," she said. "I know of no safe place anywhere near this locality."

"That cave in which you took refuge from the storm last night," Minter remarked. "I should think it might be the best place."

"Yes; that would be all right," Dainton agreed, "but who knows where it is?"

"I do," Antoinette answered. "It is just over the hill there a few yards."

"Can you find it, you think?"

"Yes."

"Then show us the way and we will see you safely there."

"Yes; and then we will hasten to the rescue of Maria," Minter said. "I am impatient to be on the way to her; for we do not know what she may be suffering every moment we delay, nor with what danger to her every passing moment may be fraught."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## MINTER DISAPPEARS.

It proved to be only a few steps to the cave, and Antoinette led the way there directly. At the mouth of the cave Minter paused, while Dainton went in with Antoinette to see that she was as comfortably and safely situated as possible. When he had done all he could for her and was on the point of going out to join Minter, Antoinette suddenly threw her arms about Dainton's neck and kissed him.

"Oh, I love you so much!" she cried. "So much! So much!"

Dainton was surprised at this action and the words that accompanied it, but he was not in the least displeased. A young man don't find it a cruel thing to be hugged and kissed and loved by a pretty young woman, especially if it is one in whom he feels a strong interest.

After a moment she added:

"You are so brave and noble."

These words caused Dainton to blush. He was exceedingly modest, and while he could stand kissing and words of love, he could not bear praise.

"You are prejudiced in my favor, Antoinette," he said. "You only think I am brave."

"I know you are," she returned.

"Oh, no; you are mistaken."

"Dainton, I remember how you saved our lives. Didn't I see how you folded your arms and waited for Juan's men to fire on you? I never saw anybody look so grand and noble, and I loved you that minute."

Dainton blushed and laughed.

"I guess," he said, "that it was because of your bravery that I loved you. I never saw a woman like you."

"Do you love me?"

"Sure. Haven't I told you so?"

"Do you love me much?"

"More than I can tell. But, there, I forgot. Minter is waiting for me and I must go."

"But I cannot let you."

"Minter is waiting for me."

"I know. But it is like destroying Heaven for you to leave me now. I have been so happy."

"I wish I could stay, Antoinette. I wish I might never have to leave you."

"Oh, so do I! It is so cruel to part now, when we know how much we love each other."

"Yes, but we must not forget our duty. We must not let love blind us to that."

"No; I suppose not."

"You and I are together and are happy, but think of Maria."

"Poor Maria!"

"Yes; she is longing to see her lover and feel his arms about her to protect her."

"I know she is."

"And I should not lose a moment in going with Minter to her rescue. He would not hesitate to do as much for me."

"No, no; it is your duty to go, and it is selfish of me to ask you to stay. I hope, oh, so earnestly, that you may succeed in getting her safely away. She is my sister, the only relative I know, and I love her so much. I pray that you may be able to save her."

"I hope we may, and you can rest assured we will if possible. Minter will certainly do his part."

"I am sure of that. He loves Maria, don't you think?"

"He hasn't seen her but for a little while, but I'm sure he took a great fancy to her. She is a brave woman, and the way she defied Juan in our behalf was enough to win a man's heart."

"I hope he does love her, for she loves him, and I told her he does."

"I am sure he will when he gets to know her better. But she will never become the wife of Juan, should he recover. I am sure of that."

"Never?"

"That is, if she could help it."

"She would help it."

"He might compel her to marry him."

"She would never be his bride in more than name."

"Why?"

"She would kill herself first."

"I would glory in her spunk. But it is useless to talk of that, for Juan Marcelo will never recover."

"No; I think not."

"Still, I wish Pedro Villero's aim had been a little more deadly when he attempted to take the villain's life. I think he missed it last night in not seeing to it that Juan Marcelo was dead on the spot."

"I don't think he will ever bother you, and I don't think he will ever attempt to marry Maria. But she has reason to fear danger from another quarter."

"How is that?"

"Another man there loves her, and the minute Juan is dead he will press her to marry him."

"Is that so?"

"It is."

"Then Juan's death will not free her?"

"No."

"Unless we succeed in liberating her from the hands of those people."

"No; she would only pass out of the toils of one into those of another."

"I think I know who the other is."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Talbott."

"No; it is not he."

"He fancies her."

"Yes; I know he does."

"And he has forsaken us."

"Has he?"

"Yes."

"I did not know that."

"He has, however."

"I am sorry for that."

"He and Talbott were such close and staunch friends."

"So am I; it cuts Minter all up."

"Yes; Minter says they have known each other a long time and were like brothers. Never would he have believed that Talbott could be induced to turn against him. But humanity is terribly deceptive, and you can't ever tell what people will do. In our days of trial our best friends forsake us."

"Yes; I suppose Talbott thought he might as well save his own life, by turning to Juan, as to stay with you two and lose it."

"I presume so; but that was not very manly. It is something I would never do. I'd stay with my friends to the last, no matter what it might cost me."

"But you are different from other men."

"You only think so."

"I know it. There are none so true and brave as you."

"Ah, you are partial, little one—too partial, entirely."

"I don't think so; but it was cruel of Talbott to forsake you and Minter."

"Minter has always been a good friend to him."

"Yes."

"And if Talbott could not remain a friend to Minter he should, at the least, have refrained from becoming an enemy."

"I think so. But what am I doing? Stopping here to talk of these things at this time! Minter will think I have abandoned him."

"Well, you must go, I suppose, though I wish you didn't have to go now. I am so fearful that something dreadful will happen to you, and that you may never return to me."

"Don't think of that, Antoinette."

"I cannot help it."

"You must. Try to think that I shall come back. Keep up courage, and hope for the best."

Antoinette shook her head while tears stole into her eyes.

"If I were not compelled to wait here in idleness," she said, "I would not so much mind the separation. But the long wait, and the uncertainty and suspense, will be terribly trying. But you must not mind me. Go."

He stooped and kissed her, and then turned and walked out of the cave to join Minter.

But what was his surprise, when he reached the open world, to find Minter gone!

His first thought was that Minter had become impatient at the long delay and had gone on alone to attempt the rescue of Maria, but in a moment that idea was dispelled.

Noticing the ground more closely he saw that a desperate struggle had taken place near the mouth of the cave, for the grass and weeds were trampled down, and in two or three places there were pools of blood.

Further chapters of this thrilling story of war and love in the Isle of Cebu will be given Ledger readers next week. Our free cameras and patterns are being sent to all subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

---

### Not Very Consoling.

"Say, I'm in a peck of trouble," remarked the sad-faced man.

"Well," rejoined the village sage, "I suppose it's up to me to listen; so let out your mournful wail."

"I'm up to my neck in debt, that's the trouble," said he of the sorrowful countenance. "I can't turn a corner without bumping into a creditor. I owe the grocer, the butcher, the coal man, the tailor, my wife's dressmaker and a dozen others. I can see but one way out of it all, and that is via the suicide route."

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Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. This advertisement was not written for drones or idlers, who are not willing to give a liberal use of their time. We expect the reader to do some work and give it the time and attention it deserves. USE YOUR BRAINS. If you are successful in solving it, well and good. Write your solution and send it to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We really desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this splendid Free Money Offer, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS. So, dear reader, do not pass this offer to you without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE PUZZLE PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the rebus. The harder it seems the more patience and determination you should have. Courage and determination win many of the PRIZES OF LIFE. Your share in OUR FREE MONEY DISTRIBUTION depends entirely upon your own energy and brains. Don't delay a moment in TRYING TO SOLVE THIS PERPLEXING REBUS. Many of the people we have recently sent large sums of money to in our Free Money Distributions write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings, and saying that if we had not so strongly urged them to try to win they would not have been successful and would not have been the happy recipients of a large sum of money for only a few hours' effort. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. 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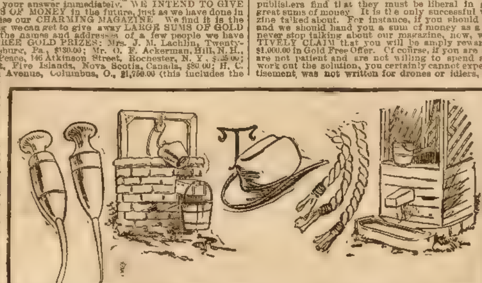

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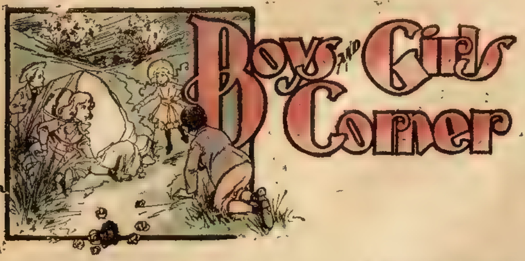

# FOUND IN THE WOODS;

## or, A Bound Boy's Adventures.

By E. E. YOUMANS.

Author of "A Mystery of the Forest," "The Lone Island," Etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

### A STAMPEDE IN THE CORN FIELD.

Farmer Bell was passing out of the kitchen door when he chanced to look up. The sight of several pairs of horns in a corn field at the farther end of the farm convinced him that mischief had suddenly developed in that section, and he began calling for the bound boy.

"Hi, you, Tim!" he yelled; "the cows are in the corn. They must have broken out of the pasture again. Come and help me."

"All right, I'll be there right away," called a voice from somewhere by.

"Get a move on ye!" roared the farmer, as he started for the corn field.

A moment later a boy of sixteen appeared around the corner of the house. As the man caught sight of him he called out, angrily:

"Why don't you hurry, you lazy lubber? Don't you see the corn will be ruined?"

Tim did not reply. He had become so used to the man's tirades since he came into the family that they no longer disturbed him. He set out on a run for the distant field, and the farmer followed with increasing anger.

This was the second or third time the cows had scattered destruction in that particular locality, and Bell was beginning to get weary of it.

There was one old white and brown cow who seemed to be possessed with the very imp of mischief, and her jumping ability was something wonderful. There was not a fence on the whole farm over which she could not leap, and toward this particular bovine the farmer was very bitter.

He had no doubt but that she was the leader of the present trouble, and his rage augmented at each step.

"I'll kill you now, you brute!" he cried, and stopping long enough to pick up two large stones, started on again.

The corn field was full of stones, and why the angry man insisted in lugging five or six extra pounds of rock with him when he could get all he wanted after getting there, we do not pretend to explain, but with a stone in each hand he ran on, being the first to reach the field.

He paused long enough to single out the cow before mentioned, and toward her made his way. She saw him coming and knew from past experience what to expect.

For a moment she gazed at him with provoking coolness. Then with a wild bellow she turned, and, with her caudal appendage protruding at right angles, and her head down, bolted through the corn.

At this the other cattle became alarmed, and a general stampede ensued. Off they started in different directions, the path of each being well-defined through the broken and crushed corn stalks, and as the farmer saw the wholesale havoc his rage burst beyond the point of reason.

"Kill 'em, Tim!" he yelled. "Kill every cursed one of 'em. Oh, you spotted varmint, wait till I git at ye!"

This was to the white and brown cow who was leading him a lively chase. But he was a good runner, and at last succeeded in getting the animal cornered.

"Now, I've got ye!" he yelled.

He drew back his arm and hurled the stone at the cows' head. It passed several feet over her back, and crashed through the corn with an angry swish. Again he fired with the same result.

"If I can only knock your horn off," cried the angry farmer, and he began such a fusillade upon the cow that Tim, who had paused a little behind and was looking on in mingled amusement and disgust, could not help laughing.

But it was getting too warm for the Alderney cow, and she made an effort to escape. With a loud bellow she jumped the fence, but for the first time in her life miscalculated the distance. Her front quarters cleared the obstruction all right, but the rest of her anatomy was not so fortunate.

She got caught on the center over the top rail, so to speak, and hung there teetering like a huge see-saw. The man chuckled in savage glee.

"Now, I have got ye!" he cried, rushing toward her.

Once more his battery of stones was turned upon the bovine, and in his blind rage he would have killed her had not Tim interfered.

Bell had just grasped a large stone with both hands and was in the act of dashing it against the cow's head, when the youth reached his side. He seized the man's arm in the act of descending and the missile dropped at his feet.

"Do you want to ruin the cow?" he cried. "She's the best one you have on the place."

"Let me alone, you beggar!" yelled the man, shaking off the boy's hold. "If you interfere again I'll knock you stiff."

He stooped and picked up the stone. Walking up to the struggling cow, he drew back and hurled it with all his strength.

But the youth was on the alert. A slight push on the shoulder destroyed the farmer's aim, and instead of striking the cow the stone crashed down on the fence rail.

It was a heavy blow, and combined with the weight of the Alderney proved more than the rail could stand. The latter broke with a sharp snap, and quickly drawing her rear quarters over the other two bars, the cow made off through the adjoining field with all possible speed.

Then the baffled farmer turned upon the bound boy. He seized him by the neck and shook him roughly.

"Let go of me!" cried Tim.

"I'll teach you to interfere," was the angry reply. "I've a notion to knock your head off."

"If you don't release me, there'll be trouble," panted the boy, struggling to break away.

"What's that, you hound! Take that!"

A stinging slap on the side of his head sent him staggering up against the fence, where he fell over the two rails and narrowly missed striking his head on a stone.

For a moment he was too stunned to move.

This was the first time Bell had ever struck him, and he could do nothing but stare at the man in surprise for nearly a minute. Then he pulled himself together and sprang up.

His face was pale with anger, and he faced the farmer with flashing eyes.

"You'll pay dear for that blow, John Bell," he said, his voice trembling with rage. "I'll show you that if I am bound out to you I am not your slave."

"Shut up or you'll get more!" yelled the other, stepping forward, menacingly.

Tim quickly picked up a stone.

"Stand back!" he commanded. "If you touch me again, I'll brain you."

Bell paused abruptly. For an instant the angry gleam in his eyes was superseded by an expression of wonder, and he looked at the boy as if doubting that he had heard aright.

"How dare you speak to me, you poorhouse ruffian? For two pins, boy, I'd strike you down in your tracks. Do you know who and what you are, you ungrateful hound?"

"Whoever or whatever I am, I'm as good as you are, John Bell," answered the youth, with spirit.

"Are you, you pauper," sneered the farmer. "You're the son of a jail-bird, you villainous cur, and were it not for me you would have gone to the dogs long ago. I took you from the poor-house where your worthless sister left you, and gave you a comfortable home. This is what I get for it. Out of my sight before I strike the life out of you. Go! I say!"

For a moment Tim hesitated. Then he turned slowly and walked back through the corn field toward the house.

"The son of a jail-bird!"

The words kept repeating themselves over and over in his mind till they seemed to be stamped on his brain in letters of fire. Could it be true, or was the angry man only trying to torment him by making him think he was related to an outlaw?

"I don't believe it!" cried the boy, as, having reached the end of the field, he turned to see how his master was making out with the cows, "and I'll find out who and what I am in spite of him."

The farmer had succeeded in driving the other cattle through the break in the fence which the white and brown cow had made, and was now closing up the opening. Tim's eyes flashed, and a bitter exclamation rose to his lips, but he choked it back and continued his way.

He climbed over the fence at the same place where he and the farmer had first entered the field. As he jumped down on the other side the rays of the sun flashing on a small, bright object at his feet, attracted his attention, and he picked it up.

It was evidently part of a locket, and must have been dropped by the farmer when he entered the corn field.

There was a roll of brown hair tucked under the glass in the center of which a small piece of white paper was placed. On this was written in a fine hand, "September 12, 1864."

"That's the day I was born, so they tell me," muttered the boy. Then he suddenly started.

"Can this locket be connected with me in any way, I wonder?" he continued, excitedly. "If I only had the other half I could tell more about it, for there must be a picture in that part. This is the lid, and must have been broken off."

He examined it carefully. The idea that it was in some mysterious way connected with his life had taken a strong hold on his mind, and he decided to keep it.

The fact that the locket had been in the

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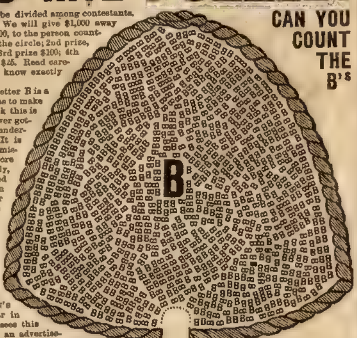
This hive is full of B's. Each letter B is a type and the type is mixed up so as to make the B's hard to count. We think this is the best puzzle contest we have ever gotten up. It is an easy puzzle to understand but a hard one to count. It is simple, so there is no chance for misunderstanding. In case two or more persons should answer correctly, then the $500 will be divided equally among those sending in the correct answer. The other prizes will be treated the same way; that is, if there are two or more entitled to any one prize, then the cash is equally divided. This contest will close on Monday evening, August 31, 1903, at midnight. All answers sent in between now and then will be entitled to compete. This bee hive puzzle is gotten up for the purpose of advertising the WOMAN'S WORLD and making it popular in every home. Every person who sees this bee hive puzzle will know it is an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD, and we expect a great many thousand persons will read and try to count the B's in the hive. It is much harder to count the B's than you think, but any one who is patient and goes at the matter carefully has a good chance to participate in the cash prizes.



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farmer's possession proved that he knew more about Tim than the latter had thought. He knew that the man must have been told some of the child's history when he took him from the county house, and on several occasions he had tried to find out some things of his early life, but the farmer never gave him any satisfaction.

So he put the trinket in his pocket, and continued his way.

"I'll keep it, hoping some day to find the rest of it," he said.

When he reached the house he went around to the garden and took up the work with which he had been busy when called away by the farmer. As he worked he could not help thinking that the stampede of the cattle in the corn field had been an important event so far as it concerned himself, inasmuch as it had been the means of making Bell drop a hint or two that some time in the future might be turned to good account, and of placing the piece of locket in his possession.

Not that he took any stock in the insinuation made by the angry man during their brief but vigorous altercation. The son of a jail-bird could not be applied to him with any degree of truth, and he tried to persuade himself that there was no foundation to it save that existing in the vindictive mind of his master.

But it gave him considerable uneasiness, none the less, and in spite of all he could do the doubt and uncertainty of it came up before his mind with such persistency that he lost all interest in his work, and fell into a deep reverie.

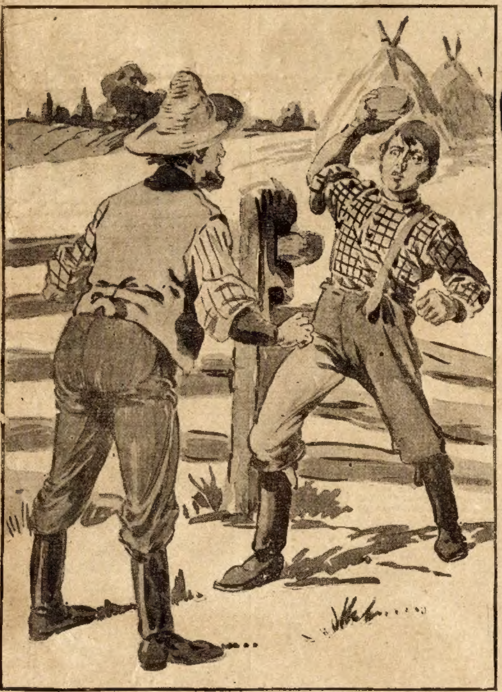
He was aroused at last by approaching footsteps, and a moment later the farmer came around the corner of the house.

### CHAPTER II.

### TIM'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Bell had recovered somewhat from his anger, and he made no reference to the trouble, saying only:

"I've got to go away, Tim. I'll be gone some time, and I want you to fix up that corn. It's badly damaged, and most of it will have to be hoed."



"Stand back! If you touch me again I'll brain you!"

He turned away, and soon after had harnessed up his horse and drove out of the gate. Tim secured his hoe and set out for the corn field, but when he reached the place he felt in no mood for work.

The cows had indeed made sad havoc in the field, and it would require more patience and energy to put it into presentable shape than the boy in his present frame of mind felt able to give. So for a long time he stood there and gazed around with steadily increasing dissatisfaction.

"I don't see why I should care whether it is hoed or not," he said at last. "It serves him right, anyhow. If he'd make his fences stronger the cows wouldn't break out whenever they wanted to."

He sat down on the bars, and began thinking it all over again. His feelings toward the farmer became very bitter as he continued to meditate, and he began to be sorry that he had interfered with the man in his savage attack on the Alderney.

"If I had let him kill her he'd have been out over a hundred dollars," he mused; "and it would be good enough for him. By preventing him from doing it I saved him that amount, and in return for it he knocked me down. I wish that I had let him alone."

Then the idea that it would be a very mean way of obtaining redress by sacrificing the cow came into his mind, and his better nature asserted itself.

"After all she couldn't help it," he said, "and I'm glad I saved her. I'd do it again if necessary."

Finally he got up and started to work. He hoed several rows, but try as he might, he could not content himself at the work, and at last he burst out:

"It's no use; I don't feel like it, and I can't do it. The corn can go to thunder."

He threw the hoe to the ground and turned away. At the same moment the report of a gun in an adjacent field attracted his attention, and, looking up, he beheld his friend, Billy Kenyon, in the act of picking up something that he had shot.

"Hello, Billy!" he cried, "what did you shoot?"

"A robin," answered the other.

Tim climbed over the fence and walked toward his chum, glad to have something to draw his mind from his recent unpleasant thoughts.

"What're you doing?" asked Billy, as Tim came up.

"Hoeing that corn," answered our hero, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the field.

"It's too hot to work," continued Billy. "Why don't you let the corn go?"

"That's just what I've done, but the old man'll raise Cain when he finds it out," and Tim proceeded to tell what had occurred.

"So he hit you, did he, the mean old codger! Don't you bother with the corn at all; come along gunning with me."

"I'd like to go."

"Well, what's to hinder you?"

"I don't see how I can get my gun. It's hanging up in the kitchen, and if Mrs. Bell sees me take it she'll call me back in a hurry."

"Don't let her see you. Can't you sneak in and get it when she isn't looking?"

"I'll try," said Tim. "Where'll you wait for me?"

"I'll go with you as far as the barn and wait there."

Billy had put the robin in the bag at his side, and together they started for the scene of action. And Tim felt that it would be a scene with a big "s."

From past experience he knew that if the woman discovered him in the vicinity of the kitchen, she would soon divine what he was after, and proceed to curtail his sport.

But the prospect of a day in the woods with his gun and Billy was more preferable than hoeing corn under a hot sun and a large straw hat, and Tim was disposed to take big risks if there was a possibility of success.

When they reached the barn his friend seated himself on the feed box, while Tim prepared to sneak into the house.

"Be sure you get it," was Billy's parting injunction. "I know places in the woods where there's no end of game, and we can have lots of fun."

That was enough to make Tim do his best, and it would not be his fault if he failed. When he had gone some distance he paused behind a convenient tree to reconnoitre. A shadow of doubt came over his face as he heard the farmer's wife at work in the kitchen.

"Just as I expected," he said, in disgust.

He had hoped that she might have gone to another part of the house for a minute which would have been long enough for him to rush in and secure the gun, but now he changed his plan slightly.

"I'll just wait here awhile," he muttered. "She may go in."

The minutes passed, however, and the woman showed no signs of leaving the kitchen. Tim began to think he would have to give it up, and was going to return to

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the barn and tell Billy, when a fortunate thing occurred.

A hen with a large brood of chickens came wandering down the orchard, and headed toward a flower bed near the house. In a few minutes they were making the dirt fly in all directions, and the heartless Tim watched them with feelings of delight.

"That'll fetch her, I reckon," he grimly muttered, preparing to rush into the kitchen the moment the coast was clear.

"And the coast was clear in less than five minutes.

An angry exclamation suddenly emanated from the kitchen, the farmer's wife sailed through the open door, and with a broom elevated above her head, bore down upon the hen and chickens like an avalanche.

Tim wanted to laugh, but he could not spare the time. A bound or two brought him near the kitchen door, and another carried him inside.

But a chair happened to be standing in the way, and he could not have taken a better header had he studied it all out before hand. He sprawled out on the kitchen floor, striking his head against the table with a force that almost stunned him.

His ideas were so confused that he completely forgot where his gun was hanging, and by the time he remembered where it was he heard the woman returning.

Escape with the weapon was now out of the question, and he began looking around for some place of concealment.

But there was nothing of the kind available, and for the moment discovery seemed imminent.

The woman was close to the kitchen door and from the way she walked he knew she was very angry. He would have no chance at all if she found him now, and quickly turning, he sprang through the door into the sitting room just as she entered the kitchen.

She was talking to herself, and hearing his name mentioned, Tim paused for a moment, and was not at all reassured when he caught her words in full.

"——to shut her up in that way. He knew she'd get out, and it is his fault that my flowers are ruined. Just wait till he comes to dinner."

Then he remembered that only the night before she had told him to secure the hen and chickens, fearing just such a calamity as had occurred, and that he had neglected to do so.

Apparently she thought he had obeyed her, but had not been sufficiently careful in shutting up the fowls, and they had escaped.

But Tim did not consider it prudent to tary longer, so he made his way to the parlor, where he hid behind the sofa. He would wait here till he had a chance to leave, then he would get his gun and join Billy in the barn.

There was a large lump on his head where it had struck the table, and this with his enforced delay, made him decidedly provoked.

"I ought to have been more careful," he said to himself. "If I hdan't fallen over the chair, I could have got the gun all right."

Suddenly his attention was drawn to the kitchen by the woman's voice saying sharply:

"I tell you I don't want to buy anything."

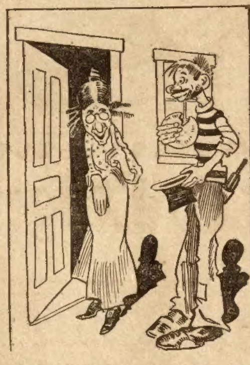
A few words spoken by a voice he did not recognize were next heard, followed by heavy steps on the kitchen floor.

"If you don't leave, I'll call for help," the woman said again.

A harsh laugh immediately followed, and Tim stepped out from behind the sofa, puzzled and alarmed.

Another installment of this story, increasing and deepening the interest, will appear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## Suggestive.



Hungry Higgins—Ma'am, dis pie reminds me of er dream.

Mrs. Goodsort—Go on! Does it?

Hungry Higgins—Yes'm. De odder night I was sleepin' in a barn an' I dreamp I was eatin' pie, an' when I woke up I was bitin' de floor.

## The Farmer Artistic.

BY S. M. ARTY.

Too little attention is paid to art on the farm. There is room for great improvement in this line and every agriculturist should study methods of bringing out the beauties in farming and in farm life.

One of the crying needs is better architecture. Some attempt should be made to make the farm and its surrorundings gratifying to the eye. It would be an easy matter to erect corncribs in classical outlines. It would cost no more to make them in the form of triumphal arches than it does to erect the uncouth and unsightly things that now grate on the nerves of the aesthetic.

Pig sties could be built in the form of balustrades, with handsomely carved posts on the corners, and within could be placed statutes of Venus de Milo and Apollo Belvedere, where the porcine contingent could scratch.

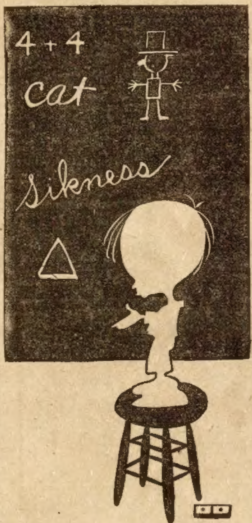
The cow stable might be built after a model of the Pantheon in Rome, the tall pillars in front adding greatly to the stately effect. The stables for the horses might also be built on classical outlines and thus afford not only shelter for the equine denizens of the farm, but be a source of joy forever to the hired help.

An excellent model for a granary would be the leaning tower of Pisa. Chicken-houses built like the mosques of Constantinople or the pagodas of China would afford interesting homes for the fowls and also add picturesqueness to the farmyard.

Dog kennels are often unsightly things, but when fashioned after the Greek temples of old they take on a beauty that fills the inmates with delight. There is no end to the possibilities in this direction. Much improvement may be made in farm machinery. Ribbons tied in the proper places, gilt applied to certain portions and hand-painting would all add to the artistic make-up of the whole.

By all means let us have art on the farm. There is much room there for art. In fact, there is room there for most anything.

## A Bad Spell of Sickness.



## Pupils' Excuses.

Droll excuses are frequently written by parents in explanation of the absence of their children from school. Here are a few specimens selected from a number actually received by teachers:

"Dear sir, please excuse James for lateness, I kneaded him after brekfust."

A second note reads: "Please forgive Billy for being tardy, I was mending his coat."

The third excuse goes more into details, but is none the less interesting: "Mister sir, my Jason had to be late today. It is his bizness to milk our cow. She kicked Jase in the back today when he wasn't looking or thinking of her actin' so durned suddin; so he thot his back was breke, but it ain't. But it is black and blue, and the pane kept him late. We would git rid of that cow if we could. This is the fourth time she kicked Jase, but never kicked him late before. So excuse him for me."

A girl absent for half a day brought the following satisfactory excuse: "Miss teacher—my dotter's absents yesterday was unavoidable. Her shoes had to be half-souled and she had a sore throte. Her konstitushun is delikit and if she is absent any more you can knew that it is en account of unavodable sickness or something else."

A boy absent for half a day laid the following explanation on his teacher's desk: "Dear sir, please excuse Henry. He went to grandpapa's funeral with me this forenoon. I have been promising him for several weeks that he might, if he was good, and he has been very good, so I kept my word. He enjoyed the funeral."

## Needed the Mind Cure.

Chappie—Do you know I fawncy this new "mind-cure" might be a good thing in some cases, don't you know.

Miss Dash—I shouldn't wonder. Have you found out what is the matter with your mind?

## Mutual Lack of Knowledge.

Teacher—Thomas, you are a hopeless ignoramus. You know no more about Lafayette than—than——

Thomas—Well, why should I? I'll bet he didn't know nutt'n about me.

## Not Yet a Lost Art.

"Madam, I caught your husband making love to my wife."

"Oh, lovely! Then he hasn't forgotten how."

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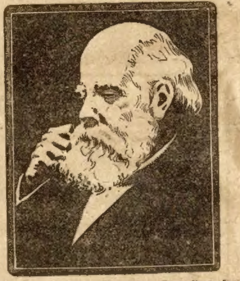

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fluid is known to me alone. It is mine to give to whom I will and my works go before me. Doubt not! I ask no man to believe me but I give to every weak man free this priceless boon and it restores him instantly to the strength and powerful vigor of youth. With this marvelous, mysterious compound, which I have discovered only after a lifetime devoted to search through all the realms of science, and the archives of the ancients, it is possible for every weak man to have for his own the glorious manly power, the untiring vigor and the long life of the patriarchs of Bible times. With this mysterious compound no weak man will ever again be troubled with impotency, vital losses, nightly emissions, spermatorrhea, varicocele, prematurity, defective power or lack of vital energy.

Send me no money. It is my duty, guided by an Unseen Hand—it is my mission on earth—my life work—to lift up the fallen, heal the weak and cure the maimed or undeveloped; and to every man who has lost his vital power or finds it waning, I send my message of love and peace and health. I can save him and I will save him and restore him to many years of happiness and the impetuous vitality and vigorous manhood of perfect health and youth.

Remember, it matters not how old you are; it matters not how you lost your manhood, or when you lost it. It matters not what doctors or scoffers say. This is no ordinary drug or stimulating method of treatment, but it is the vital spark of life itself, and it matters not how many remedies and doctors have failed, I have repeatedly and instantly renewed the youth of old men. My secret compound never fails. I have often instilled into jaded men new vitality, health and strength. For worn-out men I have oft kindled, in an instant, and to stay, the sparkling vitality of youth. My private address is Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, 10 Strawn Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and I urge every weak man to come to me for I will give him undying strength, the supreme joy and happiness of perfect manliness. My wondrous discovery has startled the world by its miraculous effects, yet I seek not fame nor glory. It suffices me if I may be the humble instrument of Nature's greatest power in bringing all men into the enjoyment of their true manliness and I do it free. In the time allotted to me here on earth I shall do all that in my power lies to give my fellow-men the benefit of this great secret and my reward shall be in the knowledge that I have done unto others as I would that others should do unto me.

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### The Pig Promoted Matrimony.

The prevention of cruelty to animals was never carried to a more astonishing extent than in a little town in Pennsylvania where, very recently, a woman went to law on the plea that the man who owned an adjoining farm had robbed her of a pig.

The defendant testified, and was supported by witnesses, that the pig belonged to him, and altogether the testimony was so bewildering that the justice decreed that the pig should be killed and divided equally between the parties.

To this both man and woman demurred. The pig was too young to kill, and moreover was "a family pet," and it would be heartless to deprive him of life.

Then the perplexed justice, having learned that both parties were single, was inspired by an idea worthy of Solomon.

"Why don't you marry and keep the pig in the family?" he said.

This was a suggestion worth considering, so the parties retired for consultation. Each was over fifty years of age, and in a position to come to a quick conclusion. They came blushing from the conference, hand in hand, the justice married them, and they started home with the reprieved pig as a joint possession.

### Thumbs.

The disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumbs implied in the expression, "His fingers are all thumbs," seems undeserved in view of the important part the thumb formerly played in the social customs of the people, and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

Lord Erskine, in his "Institutes," states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalized by the licking and joining of thumbs.

Selden, in "Titles of Honor," says that kissing the thumb was a characteristic of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great, were in receipt of this honor from the tradesmen. From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of licking the thumb has always been regarded as a solemn pledge or promise, existing according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood!

**Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.**

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 137, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today

### Thrifty Beacons.

The horrors of the advertising mania are thus amusingly set forth by Mary Cholmondeley in the Monthly Review:

I hear that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine as the hospital ships near our shore, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him:

"I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?"

"No; old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed Labby's Lip Salve?"

"Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peeps into the night and says:

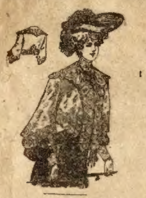
"Dash my starry topsails, if we aren't out of our course."

"No, sir," says the attendant boatswain, "that's Keating's Cough Lozenges a-showin' up on our lee now."

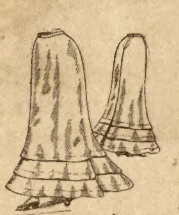
## Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

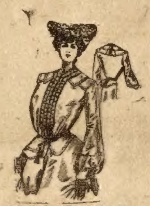
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



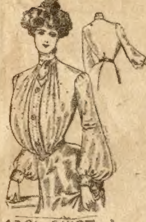
4388 BOX ETON 32-40 BUST.



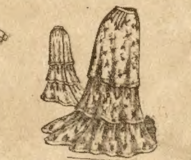
4380 MISSES CIRCULAR TUCKED SKIRT 12-16 YRS



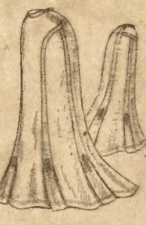
4384 BLOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST.



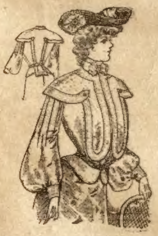
4381 SHIRT WAIST 34-44 BUST



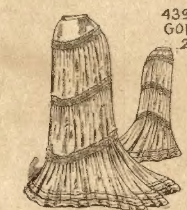
4386 TRIPLE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



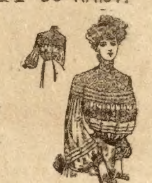
4396 SEVEN GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



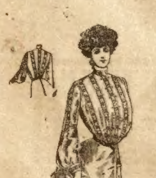
4382 MISSES BLOUSE JACKET 12-16 YRS.



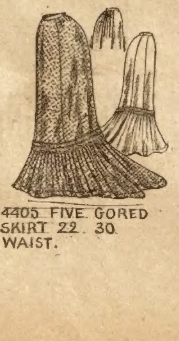
4398 SHIRRED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



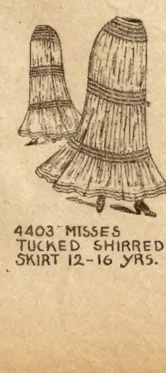
4385 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST.



4383 BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST

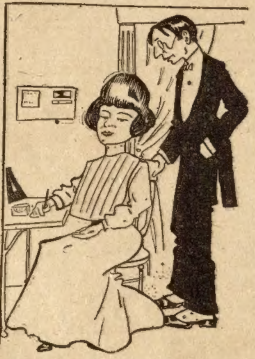


4405 FIVE GORED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



4403 MISSES TUCKED SHIRRED SKIRT 12-16 YRS.

### Wrong House.



Algernon—I will confess all. I am poor and too proud to work; but, oh, Miss Roques, I beg for your hand!

Miss Roques—We don't give hand-outs here.

### His Labor Lost.

Mr. and Mrs. Bixtable resided in an apartment house, but as theirs was the lower flat they exercised a kind of supervision over the little lawn in front. One morning Mrs. Bixtable discovered her husband in the rear of the building, engaged in strapping the lawn-mower on the handlebar of his bicycle.

"Why, Gerald," she said, "how ridiculous! Don't you know——"

"It isn't ridiculous at all!" he retorted. "I've carried heavier weights than this."

"But——"

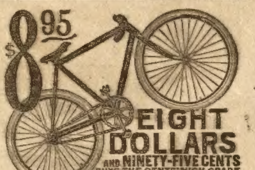
"I know what I am doing, Miranda. Don't bother me."

She said nothing more. With a vast amount of work he succeeded at last in tying and strapping the implement across the front of his bicycle and started to trundle the machine out to the road.

Then he made a discovery.

"Why, Miranda," he exclaimed, "it's too wide to go out through any opening we've got!"

"I know it, Gerald," quietly responded his wife. "That's what I was trying to tell you."



$8.95 EIGHT DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS BUYS THE GENTS' HIGH GRADE NEW 1903 MODEL BURDICK BICYCLE. Shipped to any address with the understanding and agreement that you can give it ten days' free trial, put it to every test, and if you do not find it handsomer, stronger, easier riding, better equipped, better tires, hubs, hangers, bearings, and in every way higher grade than any bicycle you can buy from any other house in Chicago, at home or elsewhere for less than $20.00, you can return the bicycle to us at our expense, and you will not be out one cent.

**FOR OUR FREE SPECIAL BICYCLE CATALOGUE** showing the most complete line of new 1903 model gents', ladies' and children's bicycles at prices so low as to be really startling, for everything in bicycle sundries and supplies, for the most astonishingly liberal offer ever heard of, cut this advertisement out and mail to

**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.,** Chicago Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

## ELECTRIC BELT SENT FREE

**To all Men who Write to the Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul.**

Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electro-Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send postage stamp.

**GOOD AS ANY ELECTRIC BELT IN THE WORLD.**

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalized at $100,000, is the Largest and Richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving away thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electro-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,976 ailing men recently restored to vim, vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Nervous Exhaustion, Varicocele, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve Force and many other ailments. It is worth from $20 to $50 to any one. It is given away absolutely free by the master specialist to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity.

**"SUFFERED EIGHTEEN YEARS, CURED AT LAST."**

CASE 1768. Eighteen years ago I first noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. I had pains in my back, and spent many restless nights. I had no control of my faculties, so that I was always at a disadvantage in whatever I undertook. I have been using the Electro-Chemic treatment of the Heidelberg Medical Institute about six weeks and I consider myself cured once more, and to be well is worth all a man has. S. T. H.

**REMEMBER** The Belt is not sent on trial but is yours to keep forever without the payment of one cent. So write today for the Great Electro-Chemic Belt Free. Mention this paper. Address

**HEIDELBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE**

Fifth and Robert Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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**FREE GOLD WATCH.**

This watch with fully guaranteed American movement, is sent free to any one for selling 20 pieces our jewelry at 10c each. Is equal in appearance to a gold-filled watch, warranted 20 years. No money required. Write today and we shall send jewelry post paid. Return the $2 when sold and you will positively receive the watch. Numerous other premiums, as boy's suits, rifles, revolvers, ladies' watches, hats, shirt waists, tool chests, etc. Address

U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 5, 48 E. VanBuren St. Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book.

**STOP CHEWING!**

1,500,000 boxes sold. 400,000 cases cured. Buy NO-TO-BAC from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, $1, usually cures; 3 boxes, $2.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**MENDING TISSUE**

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**GET BIG MAIL** Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers' supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cts. with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing. Address

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, Indiana, Indiana County, Pa.

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## BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

***W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.***

*GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc Yours truly,*

*Name*..........................................

*Street*.............................. *Town*..............................

*Date*.............................. *State*..............................

# DEAFNESS CURED

Louisville Man Originates a Simple Little Device that Instantly Restores the Hearing—Fits Perfectly, Comfortably, and Does Not Show.

190-PAGE BOOK FREE TELLS ALL ABOUT IT

Since the discovery of a Louisville man it is no longer necessary for any deaf person to carry a trumpet, a tube, or any such old-fashioned device, for it is now possible for any one to hear perfectly by a simple invention that fits in the ear and can not be detected. The honor belongs to Mr. George H. Wilson, of Louisville, who was himself deaf, and now hears as well as any one. He calls it Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, is built on the strictest scientific principles, containing no metal of any kind, and is entirely new in every respect. It is so small that no one can see it, but, nevertheless, it collects all sound waves and diverts them against the drum head, causing you to hear perfectly. It will do this even when the natural ear drums are partially or entirely destroyed, perforated, scarred, relaxed, or thickened. It fits any ear from childhood to old age, and, aside from the fact that it does not show, it never causes the hearer irritation, and can be used with comfort day or night.

It will cure deafness in any person no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gathering in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. It not only cures but stays the progress of deafness and all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure, and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

Let every person who needs this at once send to the company for its 190-page book, which you can have free. It describes and illustrates Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums and contains many bonafide letters from numerous users in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, India. These letters are from people in every station in life—clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, society ladies, etc.—and tell the truth about the benefits to be derived from the use of this wonderful little device; you will find among them the names of people in your own town or state, and you are at liberty to write to any of them you wish and secure their opinion as to the merits of the only scientific ear drums for restoring the hearing to its normal condition.

Write today and it will not be long before you are again hearing. Address for the free book and convincing evidence, Wilson Ear Drum Co., 922 Todd building, Louisville, Ky., U. S. A.

**SWEET** ANNIE. Over 150 other songs, words and music only 10c. Winkleman Co., BClyde, Ill.

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**MAKE MONEY EASY.** Light, pleasant work. Particulars free. UNIQUE SUPPLY CO., 183 Madison Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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**NO-KAH-WA** Positively Cures Rheumatism and Inflammation; 50c silver, prepaid. Agents wanted. NO-KAH-WA MED. CO., Newby, Indian Ter.

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**LUCKY** days and trial reading. Send dime and birthday. My predictions true. MME. PERCY, 826 1st Av., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE.** Past and Future ALL TOLD in Business, Love, Marriage, and all affairs. Thousands of testimonials. Send your birth date & 2 stamps to H. Shagren, SanFrancisco, Cal.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

I PAY SPOT CASH FOR MILITARY BOUNTY **Land Warrants** issued to soldiers of any war. Also Soldiers' Additional Homestead Rights. Write me at once. Address FRANK H. REGER, Barth Block, Denver, Colo

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**FISH ALWAYS BITE** When you dip your bait in Walton Compound. Makes good luck absolutely sure. No fancy outfit needed. Package, enough for a WHOLE SEASON'S GOOD FISHING, sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 Cents. L. H. GEORGE & CO., 80 Dearborn St., Chicago

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# FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

### Violet Russell.

Violet Russell was lying on her couch in her own little room feeling very weak and tired, for she was just recovering from a long illness. She was lonely, too, but just as she was wondering when her mamma would be home from down town, the door bell rang and two of her schoolmates came in, and said, "We heard that you were able to be up today and so we came to see you."

"I have some roses for you from my own garden," said Marjorie.

"And I have some strawberries," said Frances, as she handed Violet a little basket lined with leaves and heaped with the delicious berries. "I know you do not care to eat much, but I thought that these might tempt your appetite."

"Indeed, girls, I little expected to see you and never thought that I would be remembered so kindly, and I thank you ever so much for the flowers, Marjorie, and you for the berries, Frances," said Violet, gratefully. "But tell me how you are getting along in school and who is at the head of the class, and how did you pass the examinations?"

"We are getting along very nicely," said Marjorie, "and Elsie Raymond is at the head of the class. Marjorie and I stood very hard examinations and will pass, so Miss Day says."

"Oh! I am so glad," said Violet.

"I am so sorry," said Frances, "that you were not there to take the examinations, for now you will not pass and will not be in the same class with us."

"That is too bad, but I must try and catch up to you," replied Violet, smiling hopefully.

Then the clock struck 6 and the girls rose to go, leaving Violet a much brighter girl for the pleasant visit with her young friends.

### Clinkum Clankum.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
  Lives in a belfry airy and cool,
And every morning he rings the hour
  For little children to go to school.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
  Greenly clad with a whispering vine,
And every noon he rings the hour
  For little children to go and dine.

Clinkum Clankum lives in a tower,
  And the stars are beautiful over his head,
And every evening he rings the hour
  For little children to go to bed.

—Youth's Companion.

### Time for Help.

"Oh, do come and help!" gasped a boy who ran up to a policeman. "There is an awful fight going on in our street."

"Who's fighting?"

"My big brother and another fellow."

"How long have they been at it?"

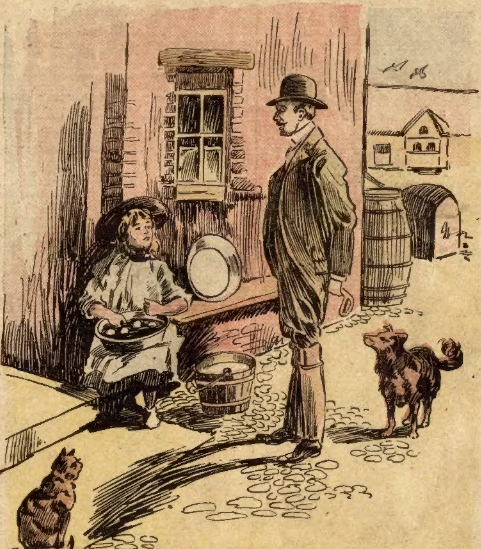
"Oh, half an hour."

"But why didn't you come and tell me about it before?"

"Why, because my brother was getting the best of it up to ten minutes ago."

### Not in Kingly Garb.

A recently returned traveler who was received by Emperor Menelik, of Abyssinia, describes his majesty as seated in a small state chair, with gayly colored carpet at his feet. He wore white trousers, brown checked socks and very large patent leather shoes without lacings. A long flowing coat of yellow striped green silk enveloped his body, and over this was a black satin, gold embroidered burnous, with a pink lined hood. His head was bound with fine white muslin, above which towered a broad brimmed straw hat, overlaid with gold leaf and trimmed with sapphires and rubies. In his left ear sparkled a rose cut diamond stud. A red silk umbrella, heavily embroidered and fringed with gold, protected the royal head from the rays of the sun.



Landlord (visiting new tenant)—Well, my girl, is your father in?

Girl—No; he's down among the pigs; but you can find him easily—he's got a hat on.

### His Age Was Variable.

The minister called at a certain home just after he had come to his new pastorate. The small boy was present long before his mother came downstairs to greet the dominie. Trying to be cordial, the minister said: "How old are you, my little man?"

"I'm 5 at home, 6 in school and 3 on the cars," was the delightful reply.

### Turning the Tables.

Little Nellie was one day very, very naughty, and her mamma had been compelled to correct her severely. After pouting for a quarter of an hour in a corner she heaved a deep sigh and said: "You may come and kiss me, darling mamma. I forgive you."

### Used to It.

"Can you cut your own meat, Charlie?" asked the hostess.

"Rather! I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home," explained Charlie; and then was very much puzzled as to why everybody laughed.

### Her Idea of It.

"Now, my dear," said the teacher, "what is memory?"

The little one answered after a moment's reflection:

"It is the thing you forget with."

# Consumption Certainly Curable

No Such Word as Hopeless Now---Consumptives May Be of Good Heart and Courage---The Way to Health is Clear---Here is a Cure Offered FREE that Has Brought New Strength or Perfect Health to Hundreds, Among them Congressman Nelson Dingley's Son.

Don't Try to Run Away from Consumption—You Cannot—The Wiser, Safer Plan is to Stay at Home and Fight It Out—We Offer You Permanent Release, Not Temporary Relief.

Remember There Is No Expense or Obligation Attached to the Offer of FREE Trial Treatment—If Afflicted Write the Company Today.

O. K. BUCKHOUT,
Chairman Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.); Member of British Tuberculosis Congress; Member National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.

Consumption not only can be cured, but is being cured every day by Antidotum Tuberculose. It is a home treatment that exterminates every germ and rebuilds, restrengthens, and revitalizes the entire system. The cures stand as proof. The hundreds Antidotum Tuberculose has changed from shadows to strong men, from mere wisps of women into plump, full chested maidens and matrons, the new lease of life for the thin, pale, hopeless sufferers in the very shadow of the tomb, form a wall of proof against which there can be no contention. There is hope—unbounded hope—for all. Not false hope or vain delusions, but well grounded belief in the certainty of a cure. Medical science does not stand still. It is advancing always. It is constantly correcting the mistakes and brushing aside the theories of yesterday. Just as certain as that germs are the cause of Consumption is it that the remedy that will kill these germs will cure it. *Cure it,* mind you, not relieve it, or lessen its pangs, but rid the system of it for good and all. That remedy is Antidotum Tuberculose (a Trial Treatment of which is offered Free to every inquirer), the deadly enemy of the Consumption germ. If it were not all and more than is claimed for it the company could never have won for its chairman Mr. O. K. Buckhout, a member of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, of which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is president, Lord Lister vice president, and His Majesty King Edward of England, honorary president. You know that all this misery, the hollow cough, the blood-spitting, night-sweats, weakness, and wasting away result from colonies of deadly germs that cluster about your vitals and are literally eating away your life. The slightest symptom that tells of the presence of these germs is nature's warning and should be instantly heeded. If you already have consumption, or merely fear that you are contracting the disease; if you have that horrible heritage—a death taint in the blood, which will sooner or later prove its presence—don't put off for a single day writing to the Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co. (Ltd.), 561 Main St., Kalamazoo, Michigan, for the FREE Trial Treatment, and the plain and comprehensive literature which they will gladly send you, all charges prepaid. Remember the trial treatment is absolutely FREE. It is your sacred duty to stop the encroachment of this terrible disease before it is too late. As you value life and health, write today.

**TAPE-WORM** EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., DEPT. D. 8, 182 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**WHISKEY.** How to make genuine Old Whiskey for less than 25 cents a gallon. This recipe has raised many a poor man to fame and fortune. Particulars free HUESTIS & CO., Dept. R, Jersey City, N. J.

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**COFFEE.** How to make it at home. Taste and effect as good as the genuine. Also how to make liquid ice that will save your ice bills, and a substitute for milk. Full particulars FREE A. A. MITCHELL & CO., Williamsport, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**MORPHINE** and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands having failed elsewhere have been cured by us. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B3, Lebanon, Ohio

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**THE CYCLONE ROTARY HAND FAN.** Latest novelty. A mechanical wonder. Every man, woman and child wants one. Strong draught of air without fatigue. Get one and keep cool. Slightly move the thumb and you are cooled. Price 25c. COLUMBIA SUPPLY CO., Pana, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**MENDING TISSUE** The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

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